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February 1961

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Exploring the Universe

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

Winter Driving Hazards

A report by Professor A. H. Easton, chairman of the committee on winter driving hazards of the National Safety Council, to the First International Skid Prevention Conference, summarizes some of winter test results as follows:

1. The most hazardous winter surface condition is ice near or at the freezing temperature. 2. Braking distances on winter surfaces are the order of 3 to 12 times as great as those on bare pavement. 3. With chains and traction devices, smooth tires should not be used.

Regular tires are inadequate under many winter conditions; winterized tires (tread treatment and additives) provide better traction on ice but not much improvement in snow over regular tires; mud-snow tires of modern design provide better snow and ice traction than regular tires, embedded metal coils or serpentine ribs afford better snow and ice traction than regular tires and are effective on wet ice; sanders have performance outstanding in traction on ice only; round tire chains have good stop-and-go performance on ice and snow, but low skid resistance compared to reinforced tire chains, which have the best over-all performance on ice and snow.

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Some insects keep from freezing solid by making glycerol in amounts which depend on the surrounding temperature. Fishes seem to have variable amounts of antifreeze substance in the blood to prevent freezing.

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Era of Youth

Photographs

Robert Perine, Newport Beach, California
BYU Photo Studio, Provo, Utah
DeCloud Studio, Kansas City, Missouri

Art

Dale Kilbourn

THE COVER:

In the gripping dead-cold of winter, the Saints were forced to flee Nauvoo for their trek to the West. The wagons began fording the Mississippi, February 4, 1846. Our cover is a section of the Lyon Fausett mural in the tourist center adjacent to the "This is the Place Monument" in Salt Lake City. This mural, covering three walls of the building, depicts the more than thirteen hundred mile trek of the Saints from Nauvoo to the Valley.



Cover lithographed in full color by Deseret News Press.

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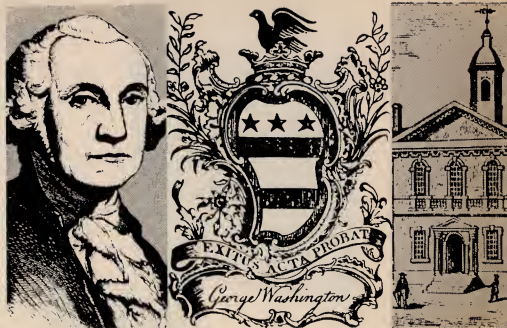
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These Times



George Washington

BY DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
PRESIDENT, ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY, TEMPE

George Washington should not be forgotten in these times. He was a leader in the fight for representative government. Today's world is complicated by the simultaneous interaction of four widespread revolutionary forces: nationalism, communism, anticolonialism, the desire for freedom. Washington was successful. One of the greatest seats of power in the world today bears his name—Washington, D. C. When we think of the city, we should think of the man.

He was born February 22, 1732, at Bridges Creek, Virginia, and died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. The revolution he led aimed at the restoration of the principles of individual freedom, representative government, and civil rights.

He was a republican, that is, he believed in government through qualified, chosen representatives. The United States of America, under his leadership, stood virtually alone as an island of representative government in a sea of monarchical states. Lincoln referred to this sort of government in his Gettysburg Address, November 19, 1863: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought

forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Washington could have been a monarch. Rather, he fostered the principles of representative institutions. With reluctance he accepted a second term as President. While issuing his farewell address, September 17, 1796, he made clear the principle of rotation in the presidential office. Contemporary revolutionaries in new states abroad might well read his farewell address and ponder their own responsibilities.

He was a Federalist. Washington stood above party. Notwithstanding, he lent a great name and support to the project for which the Federalists stood, namely, the establishment of the Constitution of 1787. In March, 1785, the seeds were planted for the Constitutional Convention. Commissioners from Virginia and Maryland met at Alexandria and again with Washington at Mount Vernon. In the words of Professor MacDonald "From that moment the current of events, leading into the Annapolis Convention of 1786 and the Federal Convention of the following year, shows Washington's

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close supervision at every point." When the Philadelphia Convention met in May, 1787, Washington occupied the chair as presiding officer. He was elected the first President of the United States by unanimous vote of the electors. The same unanimous vote was given him for his second term. Although he had refused the possibility of a third term, two electors, nevertheless, cast ballots for him in 1796.

He was a Unionist. As late as Lincoln's time, pundits felt the American experiment, covering so much territory, was impossible. This is the meaning behind Lincoln's additional words in the Gettysburg Address: "Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." Washington himself said, "Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. . . . With such powerful and obvious motives to union affecting all parts of our country, . . . there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands."

Washington was a humble man. He wrote in his farewell address: "Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest."

On December 19, 1799, John Marshall of Virginia, a member of the House of Representatives, introduced into that body a resolution. Here is found the phraseology that should not be forgotten: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience."

—Washington



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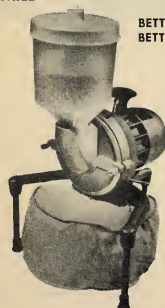
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Letters and Reports



Pictured above are seventy-two of the ninety-one girls to receive individual awards for outstanding personal and spiritual achievement in the Orange County (California) Stake recently. Sister Otis K. Coyle, YWMA president of the Orange County Stake, is pictured with two of the girls (right) at the "Sweethearts of MIA" award presentation program. Fifteen of the ward YWMA class leaders received their leadership awards on this occasion.



The four good looking young Latter-day Saints pictured above are among the many young, wonderful people who belong to the Church scattered all over the nation and the world. They are (left to right) Garth Allen Perry of the South Oklahoma City Branch, Central States Mission; Charlene Francis Zimmerman of Compton Second Ward, Long Beach (California) Stake; Dick Rees of St. Louis Second Ward, St. Louis (Missouri) Stake; and Judi Rasmussen of Battle Creek Branch, Great Lakes (Michigan) Mission.

Both of the boys are Duty to God award winners and have fine Church and school activity records. Garth, on the honor roll throughout high school, never missed a day of the over 2,160 days of his school life. His brain is accompanied by brawn—he lettered in high school wrestling. Dick, a bright young reporter for a local teen magazine, was captain of both the football and basketball teams in his high school. He has earned six individual awards for attendance at Church meetings. Two of these are 100 percent awards and another is over 95 percent.

Brains and talent are also prevalent among the two smiling girls. Charlene, a member of the honor society at high school, is an avid dancer who won a local TV station contest grand prize of \$3,000 in dancing the waltz with her partner Gene Steinkert of the same stake. She has appeared on television and has freely shared her talent in MIA dances. She is an Honor Bee and Mia Joy with four individual awards for Church attendance.

Judi, also a member of the high school honor society, has a wonderful talent for music. She has sung the lead part in *Oklahoma!*, *Brigadoon*, and *Carousel* in high school. She was awarded an eight week scholarship to the Interlaken Music Camp. Sharing her talent in Church service, she has been a Sunday School chorister for three years, and has participated in four cantatas, three music festivals, and many other Church programs.

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Pictured above are three recent Golden Cleaver award winners from the Enterprise wards of the Uvada (Utah-Nevada) Stake. From left to right, they are Frances Bowler Staheli, Edna Gubler Hunt, and Lovella Hunt Thomas.

Sister Staheli, the mother of three children, has worked in the ward Junior Sunday School, YWMA, and Primary. She is presently serving as a counselor in the Uvada Stake Primary.

Sister Hunt, also the mother of three children, has worked in the ward Primary and Relief Society, and has served the ward YWMA for seven years. She is presently an organizer in the Relief Society and activity counselor in the Enterprise First Ward YWMA.

Sister Thomas, the mother of two children, has a perfect attendance record at MIA and Sacrament meeting for seven consecutive years. She has served the ward Primary and Sunday School and is now president of the Enterprise Second Ward Primary and a visiting teacher in the Relief Society.

Hsinchu, Taiwan

Dear Editors:

The Era magazine has been the best source of reading material I have had here in Hsinchu, Taiwan. This magazine should be sent to all servicemen overseas. It also should be in all overseas libraries. I read it from cover to cover.

I want to thank you for the kindness of sending it to me. This magazine will always be in my home, I assure you.

The Church News is outstanding. The missionaries and I really look forward to the News and the Era.

Sincerely yours,
M/Sgt. George J. Hanna

Carletonville, South Africa

Dear Editors of the Era of Youth:

Just a word of appreciation for the excellent work you are doing in presenting the Era of Youth. It's good to get the latest news on the youth of the Church, especially here in South Africa, where news isn't too abundant.

It doesn't matter where you go throughout the world, youth of the Church who are living the standards of the Church, stand out, and set examples for others to follow.

Keep up the good work, and may our Father in heaven continue to bless you.

Sincerely,
Elder LaVern Taylor
Elder Glen C. Pruitt

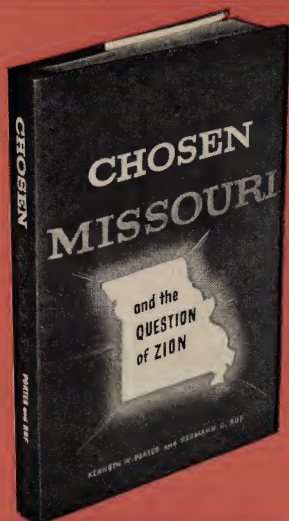
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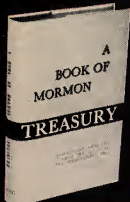


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The Church Moves On

November 1960

27 Cedar West Stake was organized from Cedar (Utah) Stake with Elder Franklin D. Day sustained as stake president and Elders George S. Barrus and Elworth Stout as his counselors. The new stake includes the Cedar Second, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Kanarra, and New Harmony wards, with a stake membership of 3,529. President Elwood J. Corry and his counselors, Elders Rufus Reid Cox and Alfred Elihu Whatcott, were released from the presidency of Cedar Stake. Elder Whatcott was then sustained as president of Cedar Stake with Elders James Heywood and Blaine Stapley as his counselors. Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve and Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric officiated at the conference. Cedar West Stake is number 316 now functioning in the Church. The "Cedar" name comes from the southern Utah city, which was named because of the abundance of cedar (juniper) trees in the vicinity. The settlement was first called "Coal Creek," taking the name of the stream on which the first settlement was made in 1851. The creek derived its name from nearby coal deposits.

Elder Fred Lewis Markham, a member of the stake presidency since 1946, was sustained as president of Utah Stake at Provo, with Elders Rulen B. Hansen and Harold B. Jones as counselors, succeeding President Victor J. Bird and his counselors, Elders Fred Lewis Markham and Terry J. Oldroyd.

29 Minnesota Stake was organized from parts of the Minnesota District of the North Central States Mission with Elder Delbert F. Wright sustained as president and Elders Sherman Russell and Eugene L. Talbot as his counselors. Wards are Minneapolis, Minneapolis Second, Minneapolis Third, Minneapolis Fourth, St. Paul, and St. Paul Second. Branches are Anoka, Austin, Princeton, Rochester (all Minnesota), and Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Minnesota is the 317th stake now functioning. It was organized under the direction of Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve and by Elder Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Twelve. Missionary work in Minnesota is believed to have begun in September 1868.

December 1960

4 Elder George L. Lovell sustained as president of East Rigby (Idaho) Stake, succeeding President Leonard E. Graham. Elder Don C. Archibald, formerly second counselor, succeeds Elder Irving M. Beazer as first counselor. Elder James Arlo Moss sustained as second counselor.

Elder F. Arthur Kay, formerly first counselor, sustained as president of Seattle (Washington) Stake, succeeding President Layton B. Jones. Elder Raymond W. Eldredge, formerly second counselor, sustained as first counselor. Elder S. Ross Fox, Jr., sustained as second counselor.

(Continued on page 126)



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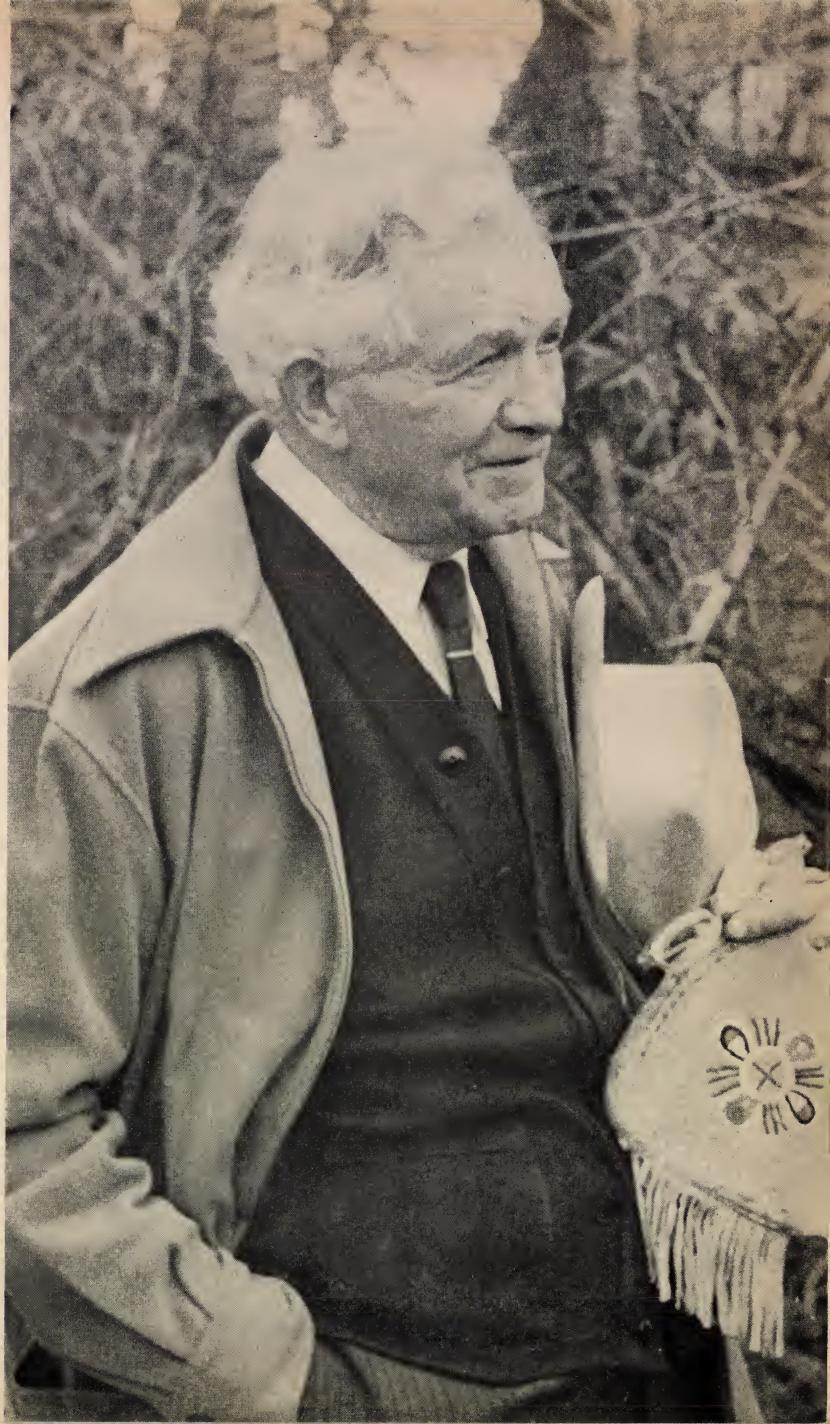
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EDITOR'S PAGE

BY PRESIDENT
DAVID O. MCKAY



Life carves Character in living faces

In every hour of the day our thoughts are developing our characters. Indeed, they are changing the very expression of our features, for our features to a great extent tell what we are.

That is told in the beautiful story of *The Great Stone Face* by Nathaniel Hawthorne. I hope you have read it. If so, you remember on a mountain surrounding a valley, nature had carved the features of a benign man. He seemed to radiate kindness, benevolence, love, as well as greatness.

Hawthorne gave a great lesson in that story as day by day, week by week, month by month, noble thoughts and ideals transformed the features of a young man who loved to be of service, not to himself, but to others.

America has its own great stone faces. At Mt. Rushmore, South Dakota, the sculptor, Cutzon Borglum carved, between 1927 and 1941, four great faces. They are the likenesses, in stone, of four of America's Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt—men who helped make America over the years.

We especially remember the contributions of Washington and Lincoln each February.

As members of the restored Church, we know there exists an eternal law that each human soul shall shape its own destiny. No one individual can make happiness or salvation for another. "Even God could not make men like himself without making them free."

Abraham Lincoln said at one time, "The love of liberty which God has planted in us constitutes the bulwark of our liberty and independence. It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts, our army, and our navy. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. Destroy this spirit, and we have planted the seeds of despotism at our very doors."

No man is truly great who does not have reverence for Deity and for things sacred. That was one of the virtues which made Abraham Lincoln great. His spirit of reverence was illustrated when he left his home town to assume the presidency of the United States. He was then in Springfield, Illinois. As he was about to board the train to leave that little town where he had spent so many years of his life, he turned to the townspeople who had come to say good-bye to him, stood a few moments in silence, had difficulty in controlling his feelings, then in a trembling voice said:

"My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived for a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. I now leave, not knowing when or whether I shall ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested on Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being that ever attended him I cannot succeed. But with that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

It is not imagination that we can approach God and can receive light and guidance from him, that our minds will be enlightened, our souls thrilled by his Spirit. Washington sought it; Abraham Lincoln

(Continued on page 127)

YOUR QUESTION

ANSWERED BY
PRESIDENT JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

SALVATION OF THOSE WHO DIED WITHOUT LAW

Question: "In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76, verse 72 there is a statement that those who die without law receive their place in the terrestrial kingdom. If this is true, how can there be hope in doing ordinance work for those who died without ever hearing about Christianity? If this applies only to the heathen nations, as some conclude, how can the Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, and others who never had a semblance of Christianity have work done for them?"

"Alma said: Yea, and I know that good and evil have come before all men; he that knoweth not good from evil is blameless; but he that knoweth good and evil, to him it is given according to his desires, whether he desireth good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience." (Alma 29:5.)

"If the word of the Lord is law, then who are those who are spoken of in the Doctrine and Covenants?"

Answer: We may be sure that the Lord will deal righteously with all of his children, and that every soul will receive a just reward. The great object of this mortal life is that the spirits of men may obtain tabernacles of flesh and bones, for without these tabernacles the spirits of men could not rise to exaltation, neither could they be perfect without the union of flesh and bones with the eternal spirit. It was for this purpose that Adam and Eve were placed upon this earth and given the commandment to multiply. After Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden he was commanded to teach his children the full plan of salvation. In course of time they rebelled against God and were destroyed in the flood. Then the Lord commenced again with Noah and his family, and the same commandments were renewed. Like the antediluvians the descendants of Noah also rebelled and idolatry came into existence, and the worship of many imaginary gods prevailed. Eventually mankind was scattered over all the earth, and without divine commandments the knowledge of the gospel was lost, and depravity and wickedness prevailed. Some of these peoples sank into a condition not much better than the beast. As one generation followed another they became more depraved, and many lost all semblance of right and wrong, truth and righteousness.

We read in the book of Abraham that the Lord

revealed that in the world of spirits some of the intelligences were greater than others, and these he made his rulers. Contrariwise there were those who were less intelligent and evidently less fit for the exaltation offered to the faithful, yet these also were entitled to salvation from death and the torment of the damned. The Lord therefore had a place for these, thus showing his great mercy for all.

We learn from the word of the Lord to Moses that the Lord selected a place for the children of Israel, even before they were born, thus he indicated the number of spirits who were assigned to become the descendants of Jacob. (Deut. 32:8-9.) We may well believe that the Lord also parceled out the surface of the earth for all other peoples. Some of these places were evidently designed for inhabitants who had lost interest in or touch with the plan of salvation. We may well believe that the Lord did not permit the more progressive and more worthy spirits to come to the families of the ungodly and the less progressive peoples of the earth. It was the privilege of this less progressive class, however, to come to the earth, and it was essential for them to receive the blessings of mortality. On this topic, however, there is very little revealed, but we may feel certain that it was essential that the more progressive and intelligent spirits were not sent to the tribes among the degraded heathen. These people naturally sank under such circumstances into a condition of ignorance and spiritual darkness. Children born under such circumstances could not be exalted, yet the Lord in his mercy had decreed to them to do the very best that could be done. Not having knowledge of the things of God, they were to be judged without law and assigned to a place after the resurrection that would be suited to them without the fulness promised to the faithful.

President Brigham Young, by revelation, received a clear view of this truth and has spoken of those who are without law and understanding in the following words:

"When God revealed to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon that there was a place prepared for all, according to the light they had received and their rejection of evil and practice of good it was a great trial to many, and some apostatized because God was not going to send to everlasting punishment heathens

and infants, but had a place of salvation in due time for all, and would bless the honest and virtuous and truthful, whether they belonged to any church or not. It was a new doctrine to this generation, and many stumbled at it." (*Journal of Discourses* 16:42.)

Again he said:

"These words set forth the fact to which Jesus referred when he said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' How many I am not prepared to say; but there are three distinctly spoken of: the celestial, the highest; the terrestrial, the next below it; and the telestial, the third. If we were to take the pains to read what the Lord has said to his people in the latter days we should find that he has made provision for all the inhabitants of the earth: every creature who desires, and who strives in the least, to overcome evil and subdue iniquity within himself or herself, and to live worthy of a glory, will possess one. We who have received the fulness of the gospel of the Son of God, or the kingdom of heaven, that has come to earth, are in possession of those laws, ordinances, commandments, and revelations, that will prepare us, by strict obedience, to inherit the celestial kingdom, to go into the presence of the Father and the Son." (*Ibid.*, 14:148.)

"There are millions and millions of kingdoms that the people have no conception of. The Christians of this day have no knowledge of God, or godliness, or eternity, of the worlds that are, and that have been, and that are coming forth. There are myriads of people pertaining to this earth who will come up and receive a glory according to their capacity." (*Ibid.*, 6:347.)

"Some are not capable of the same exaltation as are others, arising from the difference of the conduct and capacities of people. There is also a difference in the spirit world. It is the design, the wish, the will, and mind of the Lord that the inhabitants of the earth should be exalted to thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, according to their capacities. In their exaltation, one may be capable of presiding over more than five, another over only two, and another over but one. They must all first be subject to sin and to the calamities of mortal flesh, in order to prove themselves worthy; then the Gospel is ready to take hold of them and bring them up, enlighten their understandings, and make them one in

the Lord Jesus, their faith, prayers, hopes, affections, and all their desires may ever be concentrated in one." (*Ibid.*, 6:97.)

President John Taylor has added this enlightening thought:

"There are heathen nations enveloped in idolatry; and if millions of people come into the world in these places surrounded with idolatry and superstition, it would be unjust for them to be punished for what they did not know, hence, if they have no law, they will be judged without law; and God in his own wisdom will regulate their affairs, for it is their misfortune, not their individual offense, that has placed them in their present position. If, however, we could trace their history, we should find, as with the Israelites, so with them. Their present darkness and misery originated in a departure from God; and as their fathers did not desire to retain God in their knowledge, he gave them up to the present darkness, confusion, and wretchedness. See Paul's remark on this subject in Romans 1:21-28. For naturally the conduct of fathers has a great influence over children, as well as in a family capacity. Hence the Jews will be blessed as a nation in, consequence of the promises made to Abraham, for as I have said before, these are eternal principles; man is an eternal being, and all his actions have a relevancy to eternity. The actions of the fathers have a bearing and influence on their children, both as families and nations, in time and in eternity." (*Government of God*, p. 52.)

The great work of the Lord is to *save* not *destroy*: therefore it is only the wilfully rebellious who have forsaken the truth who will eventually be cast out with the devil and his angels. (D&C 76:31-38.)

All those who have lived upon the earth who have been subject to law and order and have had knowledge of good and evil and some understanding of the divine truth, although they have been steeped in the traditions of men, will be judged by the knowledge which they have. Among these there are many who were and are not Christians, but they were subject to law and order and had some divine understanding of justice and equity. These are worthy, on repentance, of salvation in the kingdom of God. It is for these that we do work in the temples that they may learn to live according to the laws of God and receive the blessings of his kingdom.

"Don't fret yourself, Eli, let Pa rest."

Eli jerked his gaze away from the distant horizon toward Gettysburg. He swung around to face his mother. She had found him standing at the edge of the stubbled cornfield staring in the direction of the battlefield at Gettysburg which was now a graveyard.

"I could have walked and carried him even, just more than thirty miles." Eli's young chin was raised at a resentful angle against his mother and the world. His nearly seventeen years had deepened his voice and broadened his shoulders, but they had not filled his measure with wisdom.

"I know, son, we could have used the wagon. It would have been easy, but I know he wouldn't have wanted it."

"Why not? He loved this land; he had dreams for it. He talked to me." Eli swallowed hard and gripped the pitchfork handle until his knuckles were white. "He talked to me about things like it was important to tell me how he planned."

Mrs. Jarman's voice was fringed with pain and emotion. "I know how it was between you and your Pa. But I knew some things about him better than you, Eli. He would want things just like they are, him buried with the men he fought with. That graveyard at Gettysburg stands for something, Eli, it's right your Pa should be there with the others."

He looked away from his mother at the sky. It was the color of the old gray crock his sister Barbey worked the butter in. It was the middle of November, and the chill had settled on the Pennsylvania hills.

"I've got to leave here, Ma," he kept his eyes away from hers. "Ferber said there's wagons leaving in two days; they're a few miles out of Gettysburg."

"Eli, no wagons are going this late to winter."

"Yes, they're going, there's a winter camp they can make before it's too bad."

"Eli, that's not you talking like this . . ."

"Who is it then, Ma, tell me? Who am I; what am I? I don't know, how can I know in a world like this? Everything's dead, the land, the trees like the men in the graves, row after row. Where is any future, Ma, where is any hope?"

His mother pulled the old brown sweater closer before she spoke. "There's new life, Eli."

"Where, Ma, where?"

"Everywhere, Eli . . . in the land . . . in you."

Eli pressed his lips together. An invisible barrier dropped between them. Words, tears, or touch only made him more resentful and the wall stronger. Mrs. Jarman turned and went back to the small log house.

Eli didn't watch her go, he wouldn't. Viciously he kicked a clod at his feet, the fine dirt sprayed out over the ground.

Ma couldn't understand how tight he was inside. He had to find himself, and he couldn't do it here. There wasn't any way to make Ma understand, he knew that. Things were different when her and Pa were young. Now everything was mixed up so much with war and death until there wasn't any room in you to think.

Eli hung his jacket on the peg by the door so he

THE TENDER SHOOT

BY
GOLDIE
BROWN
DESPAIN

*A tender and beautiful story about
a boy whose father gave his life and was
buried at Gettysburg.*



could wash for supper. The silence between Ma and Barby stood out so big he knew they had been talking about him when he stepped in. Mostly there was small talk at the table. The important things weren't mentioned.

He was in his small attic room sorting things into a bundle when he heard the steps creak. He felt it was Barby, and he was right. She slipped into the room without knocking. Barby was fourteen; her amber eyes were almost the color of her hair and right now they were filled with distress. Eli was upset to see so much fright in her face. Sometimes she could reach him quicker than Ma could.

"What we going to do without you, Eli? Just Ma and me. How'll we keep the apple orchard up and everything?"

"Ferber said he'd help you."

"Ferber's half crippled up, he can't do much."

"He's got two strong sons that can."

"They'll have plenty to do on their own, Eli."

Eli whirled on her all the frustration of his young years and hurt, the impress of the chaos of the world showing in his face.

"I got to go, Barby, I know you or Ma can't understand. I can't help it. I got to go!"

Barby had stepped back from him, he had whirled so fiercely on her. Her eyes were washed of their fright, and she was softly crying.

"I can see it in your face, Eli. It's true I can't understand what's making you, but I can see you're torn inside. You'll have to get it pieced together before you can settle."

"I'm sorry, Barby."

"What for, Eli?"

He studied the few things he had laid on the square of blue cloth as if the answer lay among them. "I don't know, Barby, sorry for the dead, more sorry for the living, for times like these when you're afraid to hope for what's inside me."

"I got hope, Eli, I'm just sorry you can't find what you need here," she hesitated ever so slightly, "you know President Lincoln is going to talk in Gettysburg tomorrow. He's dedicating part of the ground."

Eli said nothing. He busied himself with his bundle. That was the last thing on earth he wanted to hear, a lot of flowery words about the war and the dead.

"Will you be in town to hear him?"

"No." He answered her shortly. Then more gently, "I have to catch Higgins and ride out to where the wagons are waiting. I won't be in Gettysburg but just to pass through."

"Ma and I would take the wagon and go but the soap's ready and we can't let it waste."

"I won't be seeing you tomorrow, Barby. I'll be leaving long 'fore light comes." There were no more words to say. Barby only looked, then sprang to him, her slender arms around his shoulders, her cheek for an instant pressed against him. Then she ran.

Eli sat on the side of the bed a long time, finally he put his bundle on the floor and stretched out to sleep. He felt a loneliness creep into his room, it filled his nostrils. A loneliness that covered the farm, the city, the nation born from the emptiness that death had brought to the land. He dozed once in awhile but most of the time he turned and tossed until he gave up trying. He tried his best to miss the steps that creaked. He put his bundle on the kitchen table, then he stepped as softly as possible in by his mother's bed.

Moonlight lay over her face and pillow; it brought out the marks of weariness but at the corners of her mouth were etched tender smile lines. He wished he hadn't come in to see her, the loneliness was heavier here, but he couldn't leave without being near Ma, without touching her. He knelt and gently kissed her cheek then held his breath as she stirred. He left the log house quickly. He was leaving behind him all the things that tortured him. Somewhere he would get things straightened out.

It was after eleven o'clock in the morning when he walked into Gettysburg. Things seemed deserted. He found the blacksmiths where he was to meet Higgins. Higgins was there examining a shoe on his horse.

"Mr. Higgins," Eli addressed him.

"Well, you made it; I didn't think you would. Thought your Ma would put a stop to your going."

"I'm here," Eli said.

"Listen, Eli, I'm going over and hear President Lincoln dedicate that cemetery before I leave. There's time, another fellow talks first, come on over with me."

Eli's disappointment edged his voice, "No thanks. I'll go on."

"No use to do all that walking when you can wait and ride," Higgins urged him.



"I'd rather walk on; you can pick me up later."

Eli swung his bundle back on his shoulder and strode off. He was mad. To think Higgins would fool around here when they might miss the wagons. He was just out of the city when he stepped to the side of the road to let a carriage pass. It drew up and stopped by him; a middle-aged man leaned out of the window.

"Boy, would you take something back to town for me?"

Eli's thoughts and feelings were running at cross sections; he didn't answer.

"There is business away from here I must attend to at once. Would you please take a message back to the President for me? It's imperative he get this as soon as possible."

Eli hesitated, "I'm catching some wagons going West."

The look on the man's face was complete disbelief. "Most boys would be proud to take this to President Lincoln."

Eli's eyes narrowed, "How do you know what most boys would be?"

The man spluttered something Eli didn't catch about the young folks of the day, then he pulled something from his pocket.

"Here, boy, I'll give you a silver piece to take this back."

It shamed Eli to be offered money for doing a favor. He knew what Ma would think of that. "I'll take it back."

The man's voice was full of relief, "Thanks, thank you very much; here's your money."

The money would probably come in handy on the road, but he couldn't take it. He slipped the paper into his jacket pocket and turned on his heel back toward Gettysburg.

It was close on to twelve when Eli wormed his way to the edge of the platform where a dark gangly man sat. He looked as if he had been folded into his chair with too much arm and leg left over. Eli held the paper up to him. Abraham Lincoln leaned out to the edge of the platform and took it. He looked at it, then at Eli. "Thank you, son," was all he said.

Eli moved back from the platform into the crowd. What right did he have to call him son? Eli thought. The people pressed against him, hemming him in; he held on to his bundle the best he could.

The President stood, the piece of paper in his hand, his moving voice carrying into the audience.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty . . ."

Eli pushed through the crowd until there was more room. He spat into the dirt at his feet as if he had a bitterness in his mouth. There was so much in his heart it had seeped up and tasted strong on his tongue. All this talk would never bring his pa back. He shouldn't have brought the paper back. The wagons might move on earlier, and he'd miss them. He swung his bundle to his shoulder, but the words caught at him again.

"... we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

Eli tried to shut his ears and heart as he pushed through the people. A scowl hovered between his brows; his eyes still mirrored the tall gaunt man that stood talking. It seemed his eyes were on his back boring through him. Eli was compelled to turn and face him, but he wasn't looking at him.

"... that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A hush held the people around Eli, for a second it held him, then he turned and roughly made his way out. It surprised him when Higgins called.

"Well, Eli, see you changed your mind, showed good sense; now you can ride out. Come on, get up back of me."

Eli swung his bundle over then hoisted himself up on the horse. They rode close to where the men were leaving the platform, and Eli had to look at President Lincoln. This time the President's eyes were on him; they were grave; and Eli could hear the words "... this nation under God, shall have a new birth. . . ."

(Continued on page 125)



Teachers on a string

BY MAURINE CLEMENTS

In a children's hospital in Mexico City I saw what a truly great influence puppets can be. The children, looking pathetically ill and listless, were escorted onto the patio by their nurses. They sat down quietly, as if it mattered not one whit what happened to them next.

When the puppets came jumping on the stage and began conversing with them informally, calling them by name, laughing, and telling funny stories, I became aware that every little face was lighted up by a smile, and there was a lively state of animation and excitement that ran through the audience.

Every child returned to his bed with his eyes gleaming with the memory of the little people he had just met.

Puppetry is not a new form of entertainment, especially in Mexico. There has been much archaeological evidence to show that the Mexican Indians had an active puppet theater long before the arrival of the Spanish conquistadores. Puppets are a most popular form of entertainment among the Mexican people and always find a ready audience of young and old alike. They are simply a part of the national background.

The little puppets on the television shows in the United States are becoming more entertaining and popular with their viewing audiences. While puppet shows at present are almost altogether for the purpose of entertainment or advertising, they could be used to great advantage in schools and on television for teaching purposes. Little people like to be entertained by "little people." And puppets, that always appear to be funny with their quick, animated stunts and stories, could be a perfect medium for the painless acquiring of facts.

In 1948, when the government of Oaxaca, Mexico sponsored a campaign for literacy, it staged a special celebration at the end of four years. This celebration, according to Roberto Lago, founder and director of the Teatro Guignol, was to show publicly that hun-

dreds of former illiterate Indians could now read and write. It was also a triumphant day for the clown-faced puppet, "Mr. Guignol." He had served as the foremost teacher for the cause of literacy.

When rural teachers were denied entrance to backward villages where education was regarded with suspicion, only Mr. Guignol was able to convince them that it was to their advantage to learn. He put on hundreds of puppet shows, and the people began to welcome him with open arms. This celebration was a day of fiesta which brought over four thousand country people into town, all of them dressed in their very best traditional finery. The village itself was decked with crepe paper and beautiful flowers.

Mr. Guignol was invited to the fiesta in Oaxaca to offer entertainment in the way of a puppet show for the students who had finished or were waiting for their examinations. Along with other diminutive actors, he made his voice heard as he conversed freely with the public. The four thousand people spent an enchanted hour, spellbound with the magic of the theater's great illusion, and the cause of education was advanced immeasurably.

Puppetry grew, according to legend, out of the desire of one Capuchin layman to teach Christianity. He went about the country telling funny stories and making shadow pictures on the wall to illustrate his points. This inspired him to make an animated doll out of a block of wood. He dressed it in a cloth gown and fashioned two pieces of paper into the shape of hands. Hanging up a sheet in front of a doorway, the stage was set for what may have been the first puppet show in history, presented in the interest of Christianity.

Puppets do not need to be the work of professionals exclusively. Even kindergarten classes could benefit from having their own puppet workshops where the children could make the dolls and learn to animate them. The day's lesson could often be illustrated with these student-made puppets.

Certainly puppets are the most liberated actors on earth, who can say or do what they wish to the public without suffering any recriminations. If a puppet were to make fun of a little boy whose hair wasn't combed or whose shoes were not shined, it would be considered as funny, but if a teacher or a parent should make the same remark, it might not be appreciated. A puppet would be allowed to tease, to scold, to give advice. In other words, puppets can be enchanted beings who live and breathe only until the curtain falls, but nevertheless, can become a child's conscience and leave indelible impressions for good.



THE LIAHONA'S COUSINS

BY DR. HUGH NIBLEY
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND RELIGION,
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



Biblical archaeologists have long since given up the old practice of identifying every stone and artifact with something specifically mentioned in the Bible. But that does not mean that their discoveries do not support and explain the scriptures: to show the authentic "Egypticity" of the book of Exodus, for example, does not require the identification of specific names, dates, and places at all; what it does require is the accumulation of data of a general sort that can serve to establish the Egyptian background and coloring of the book.¹ Schliemann did not discover the treasure of Atreus, as he supposed he had, but he discovered something just as good—the lost world of Atreus. If the Vaphio cups were not used by Nestor or Priam or Menelaus they at least are exactly like the cups which Homer says *were* used by them; they vindicate the reality of the world of Homer as effectively as if they had the royal names inscribed on them.

So it is with the Book of Mormon. Years have been spent in attempting to dis-

cover objects that could be identified with specific persons, places, and times mentioned in that book. The long experience of Classical and Near Eastern archaeology indicates a less "dogmatic" approach, and suggests that real progress can be made by dealing with types and patterns instead of trying to pinpoint persons and things.² We have in the Book of Mormon, for example, a most interesting apparatus called the Liahona. Now the chances of finding a genuine Liahona are, to say the least, remote; but what if something just like it showed up in the hands of Lehi's relatives? That should certainly come as a surprise, and even provoke some thought. The Liahona has given rise to endless merriment and mockery among critics of the Book of Mormon; only the shining stones of the Jaredites can equal it as a laugh-getter. Even the present writer, for all his curiosity about Book of Mormon oddities, has always passed it by in an abashed silence—it was like nothing he ever heard or read of—until the year 1959. For it was less than two years ago that an Arabic scholar by the name of T. Fahd published the hitherto scattered, scanty, and inaccessible evidence that makes it possible for the first time to say something significant about the Liahona. But before we consider his report, let us see what the Book of Mormon has to say on the subject. This is what the first edition tells about the Liahona:

(P. 38, 1 Nephi 16:10) "And it came to pass that as my father arose in the morning, and went forth to the tent door, to his great astonishment he beheld upon the ground a round ball of curious workmanship; and it was of fine brass. And within the ball were two spindles; and the one pointed the way whither we should go into the wilderness."

(P. 40 f., 1 Nephi 16:28-30) "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, beheld the pointers which were in the ball, that they did work according to the faith, and diligence, and heed, which we did give unto them. And there was also written upon them, a new writing, which was plain to be read, which did give us understanding concerning the ways of the Lord; and it was written and changed from time to time, accord-

ing to the faith and diligence which we gave unto it: And thus we see, that by small means, the Lord can bring about great things.

"And it came to pass that I, Nephi, did go forth up into the top of the mountain, according to the directions which were given upon the ball. And it came to pass that I did slay wild beasts, insomuch, that I did obtain food for our families. . . ."

(P. 155, Mosiah 1:16 f.) "And moreover, he also gave him charge concerning . . . the ball or director, which led our fathers through the wilderness, which was prepared by the hand of the Lord that thereby they might be led, every one according to the heed and diligence which they gave unto him. Therefore, as they were unfaithful, they did not prosper nor progress in their journey." (P. 329 f., Alma 37:38-47) "And now my son, I have somewhat to say concerning the thing which our fathers call a ball, or director or our fathers called it liahona, which is, being interpreted, a compass; and the Lord prepared it. And behold, there cannot any man work after the manner of so curious a workmanship. And behold, it was prepared to shew unto our fathers the course

which they should travel in the wilderness; and it did work for them according to their faith in God; therefore if they had faith to believe that God could cause that those spindles should point the way they should go, behold, it was done; therefore they had this miracle, and also many other miracles wrought by the power of God, day by day; nevertheless, because those miracles were worked by small means, nevertheless it did shew unto them marvelous works. They were slothful, and forgot to exercise their faith and diligence, and then those marvellous works ceased, and they did not progress in their journey; therefore, they tarried in the wilderness, or did not travel a direct course, and were afflicted with hunger and thirst, because of their transgressions.

"And now, my son, I would that ye should understand that these things are not without a shadow; for as our fathers were slothful to give heed to this compass, (now these things were temporal,) they

MORE KEEPSAKES

BY BESSIE SAUNDERS SPENCER

More keepsakes in my hands, to save,
To carry to the attic chest
That opens like a little grave,
Where memories rest.

On top a baby's ring of gold,
An agate taw, a pocketknife—
These are not keepsakes that I hold,
But chips of life!

did not prosper; even so it is with things which are spiritual. For behold, it is as easy to give heed to the word of Christ, which will point to you a straight course to eternal bliss, as it was for our fathers to give heed to this compass, which would point unto them a straight course to the promised land. And now I say, Is there not a type in this thing? . . .

"O my son, do not let us be slothful, because of the easiness of the way; for so it was with our fathers; for so it was prepared for them, that if they would look, they might live; even so it is with us. The way is prepared and if we will look, we may live forever."

(P. 48 f., 1 Nephi 18:12 and 21) "And it came to pass that after they had bound me, insomuch that I could not move, the compass, which had been prepared of the Lord, did cease to work; wherefore, they knew not whither they should steer the ship. . . . And it came to pass that after they had loosed me, behold, I took the compass, and it did work whither I desired it."

Listing the salient features of the report we get the following:

1) The Liahona was a gift of God, the manner of its delivery causing great astonishment.

2) It was neither mechanical nor self-operating, but worked solely by the power of God.

3) It functioned only in response to the faith, diligence, and heed of those who followed it.

4) And yet there was something ordinary and familiar about it. The thing itself was the "small means" through which God worked; it was not a mysterious or untouchable object but strictly a "temporal thing." It was so ordinary that the constant tendency of Lehi's people was to take it for granted—in fact, they spent most of their time ignoring it: hence, according to Alma, their needless, years-long wanderings in the desert.

5) The working parts of the device were two spindles or pointers.

6) On these a special writing would appear from time to time, clarifying and amplifying the message of the pointers.

7) The specific purpose of the traversing indicators was "to point the way they should go."

8) The two pointers were mounted in a brass sphere

whose marvelous workmanship excited great wonder and admiration. Special instructions sometimes appeared on this ball.

9) The device was referred to descriptively as a ball, functionally as a director, and in both senses as a "compass," or Liahona.

10) On occasion, it saved Lehi's people from perishing by land and sea—" . . . if they would look they might live." (Alma 37:46.)

11) It was preserved "for a wise purpose" (Alma 37:2, 14, 18) long after it had ceased to function, having been prepared specifically to guide Lehi's party to the promised land. (*Idem*, vv. 39 f.) It was a "type and shadow" of man's relationship to God during his earthly journey.

We should not pass by Alma's description without noting a most remarkable peculiarity of verses 40 and 41. (chap. 37.) Let us read these verses without punctuation, as the ancients did:

Hungry are the pangs of youth
That they may search forever,
Looking for the fruits of truth
To make their lives seem better—
Better for the joys of peace,
Full and glad and glorious,
And when their life on earth is done
Return to God—victorious.

" . . . therefore they had this miracle and also many other miracles wrought by the power of God day by day nevertheless because those miracles were worked by small means nevertheless it did shew unto them marvellous works they were slothful and for-

got to exercise their faith and diligence and then those marvellous works ceased."

The meaning is perfectly clear: though Lehi's people enjoyed daily demonstrations of God's power, the device by which that power operated seems so ordinary (Alma includes it among "small and simple things . . . very small means . . ." vv. 6-7) that in spite of the "marvellous works" it showed them they tended to neglect it. We could punctuate the passage accordingly:

"Therefore they had this miracle, and also many other miracles, wrought by the power of God day by day. Nevertheless, because those miracles were worked by small means (albeit it did show unto them marvellous works), they were slothful and forgot to exercise their faith and diligence. . . ."

A comparison of various editions of the Book of Mormon will show that others have tried their hand at punctuating these phrases.

The point of this (Continued on page 104)

THE SEARCH

BY VIOLET ADAMS

MISTER LINCOLN WE THANK YOU

KELVIN
WALLACE
COVENTRY



"Mr. Lincoln, we thank you!"

From the lowliest hovel, the splended mansions of the mighty, this simple prayer of gratitude will echo skyward during this 152nd anniversary year of our sixteenth President's birth.

On bended knee, who can whisper Lincoln's name without emotion? Who does not owe a debt to this awkward, humble backwoodsman?

It was a small wooden cabin in the Kentucky wilderness that began the Lincoln legend on Feb. 12, 1809.

What American, however downtrodden, can look upon this rude shack and not admit that he has greater opportunities to ascend the ladder of success? Who can stand before that cabin and make excuses?

How is it that a gawky, unschooled, sad-faced woodchopper captured the imagination of an entire nation; of the world? Why do we owe him such a great debt?

Can you picture the Lincoln family, hacking a



path through the Indiana forests to plant a home on Pigeon Creek? It was just another humble shack—with a corn patch to sustain life.

Then came the "milk sickness," sweeping the hills and valleys of Spencer County. Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abe's mother, was one of the first victims of the epidemic.

"Be somebody, Abe," she whispered with her dying breath.

How the silent, lean little boy grieved for his mother. Only nine years old, and already adult burdens were placed on his sagging shoulders!

Then came the new mother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, a kindhearted motherly Christian. She loved the gaunt boy with the deep-set eyes. Perhaps she sensed that greatness was growing under the thatched roof of an outpost cabin.

"Abe, who are you to pluck at my heartstrings so?"

Sarah would ask herself as she watched the gangling lad grow to manhood.

There he was, seventeen years old, six-foot-four, with long legs and arms, melancholy gray eyes, and a thirst for knowledge. He was battling, as many of us must battle, to conquer ignorance and command destiny.

"Abe can make a cat laugh," chuckled his nearest neighbors at Gentryville. Business boomed at Jones' grocery store when Abe was around. He was a popular storyteller, made speeches, argued public questions, and made everybody his friend.

"That Abe's a politician, but doesn't know it," his audiences often pointed out.

In 1828 Lincoln was hired at eight dollars a month to work the bow oars on a river barge headed for New Orleans. That voyage was Lincoln's first brief glimpse of the outside world.

One night they tied the boat up near Baton Rouge. The young crew was sleeping soundly in the cabin. Then Lincoln's long, restless frame loomed upright in the semi-darkness.

"We're being plundered!" he yelled.

Two men came at him. Over the side they went. It was a fierce battle while it lasted, with lanky Abe and his crew fighting off the river pirates.

The store where Lincoln worked as a young boy, and the Lincoln memorial.

What obstacles Lincoln hurdled during those fourteen Indiana years. The Lincolns could not resist the lush shores of Illinois beckoning from the other side of the Wabash.

"Good-bye, Abel!" his friends chorused as the family wagon lurched toward Vincennes through the March mud.

"Good-bye!" came the high-pitched voice of the coon-capped woodchopper. He was saying farewell to the mean little cabin, the lonely grave of his mother, and his youth. It seemed as if the partly frozen Wabash was the dividing line between adolescence and manhood.

The Lincolns settled on a bluff overlooking the Sangamon, five miles south of Decatur. Abe helped plow the soil and fence the new home in.

Iron-muscled Abe split three thousand rails for a neighbor. He received thirty-seven cents a day for his labor. Then came the winter of the "big snow." He left home to face those blizzards armed only with his axe.

Lincoln never complained at his lot. Hardship brought only strength and renewed courage. Never a murmur of self-pity escaped his lips.

"How about helping me take a load of supplies to New Orleans?"

(Continued on page 124)



OLD ENOUGH TO CHOOSE

BY PAULINE L. JENSEN

"You love pediatrics, don't you, Lynn?" Miss Moore, the supervisor asked. I looked up from the book I was reading to little Johnny Payne and nodded. But I like any part of hospital work, I thought, and then suddenly the thought that had been in my mind for weeks asserted itself. I wanted to be a nurse! I sat there, a warm glow around my heart, until Johnny pulled my sleeve and asked, "More story, Lynn."

I'd been doing volunteer work at the hospital after school and on weekends all spring, and then after graduation from Central High, I signed up for full duty during the summer. Mom shuddered, and said "How can you do it, Lynn? Working with all those grubby germs all day?" But I liked it so much I could hardly wait to start work each morning.

I was signed up for Briarwood College in September, and because Briarwood was Mom's alma mater, she had her heart set on my going there. She would be terribly disappointed when I told her I wanted to be a nurse, and I felt bad about that. But I knew now, for sure, that I wouldn't be happy unless I could be a nurse.

That night at dinner, I told Mom and Dad. Mom stared at me in disbelief.

"Are you out of your mind, Lynn? That's the most soul and body destroying job in the world!"

"No, Mom! You should see how happy those nurses are at work, and they have to keep physically fit to do their jobs."

Mom wouldn't even listen. "Get that idea out of your mind, Lynn! You're going to Briarwood in September! You're registered there, and you're lucky to go. Many a girl would give her eyeteeth for that opportunity!"

I was heartsick. It's my life, I kept thinking, so why can't I choose my career? Why can't Mom realize I'm serious about this? Dad stayed neutral, although I knew he was troubled. He was a lawyer and understood people's problems, but somehow, he too, seemed to think this a whim.

Alone, I'd plan ways to make them understand. I was going to say, "If only you knew how much I want to do this! It's here, inside of me all of the time! If you'd agree, I'll work hard to be a good nurse and a credit to you!" Then when the chance came to say these things, I'd see Mom's pale face and Dad's harried look, and my courage would dissolve like gelatin in hot water.

Miss Kerwin, the superintendent of nurses, stopped me one day in the hall. "I've been hearing good things about you, Lynn. Have you ever thought of becoming a nurse?" I told her briefly what the situation was. She pulled her eyebrows together, the way she did when she was thinking hard.

"I wouldn't advise you to go against your parents' wishes, but we do so desperately need good nurses."

One morning in August, the mail came while we were having breakfast. There was a letter from Briarwood, listing the things I was to bring. Mom read them to me, and suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer. "I can't go to Briarwood, Mom! Why don't you understand that all I want is to stay here and become a nurse?" Crying, I flung myself out of the house and headed my car toward the hospital.

Babs, the girl who handles assignments, said, "It's medical for you today, Lynn," and tossed the locker key to me. I liked medical, and there was a patient there who interested me. She was Ann Aldrich from out-of-town, and she had been seriously ill. She was so depressed that we all tried to cheer her up, but she didn't take any interest in anything. Even Judy,

the cleaning girl who always clowning, couldn't bring a smile to her face.

After reporting to the floor supervisor, I stopped in Miss Aldrich's room. "Hello there," I said, but she only smiled faintly. Then I asked if there was anything she wished for. "Yes," she said, "I wish I were your age, and had my life to live over."

I wanted to ask her what she meant, but the doctor came in then, so I left.

As I went into the cafeteria for lunch, Babs called, "Your mother wants you to telephone her, Lynn."

Mom's voice was as cheerful as though we hadn't almost quarreled that morning. "Uncle Tim is in town, and we are having dinner with him at the hotel. Could I bring some fresh clothes to you and pick you up at the hospital?" Since it was my day to get off early, I told her to meet me in the lounge at six-thirty.

She was waiting for me when I got through. I wanted to take a shower, so I picked up some magazines and handed them to her to read. She grimaced and pushed them away. "Germs!" she exclaimed.

Then I had an inspiration. "Mom, would you do me a favor, please? There's a patient, Ann Aldrich, on the next floor, and no one ever comes to see her. Would you drop in and chat with her a few minutes?" She looked a bit annoyed but got up and started toward the elevator.

When I finished dressing and came back to the lounge, Mom wasn't there. Just then the elevator ground to a stop, and she stepped out. She was smiling. "I'm glad you suggested going to see her, Lynn. She was so pleased! I'll try and stop by again."

The next morning Miss Aldrich greeted me with a smile. "I did so enjoy your mother's visit. I wish she'd come again, soon." So it pleased me, when a few days later Mom announced that she had a free day and would drop around to see Miss Aldrich. I had the feeling that it pleased Mom to bring a little joy into her life, just as hospital work did me, for I now felt I was doing something worthwhile and contributing a little bit to the betterment of the world.

From then on, Mom went regularly to see Miss Aldrich. "I feel sorry for her," she told us at the dinner table one night. "Her mother died a few months ago, and she is lonesome. I gather that her mother was pretty much the boss. Ann (Mom was using her first name now) (Continued on page 111)

Latter-day Saint Teachers and THE EVALUATION OF

Techniques of Historical Research

Serious-minded people, after reading several accounts of the same historical event, often become skeptical concerning the reliability of so-called historical evidence. Anyone who reads various accounts of World War I, written by a German, a French, an English, or an American historian, soon discovers that even supposed "facts" are often given conflicting interpretations, so that the reader finally asks, "What should I believe about history?" Nationalism, bias, religious viewpoints, ignorance of sources, and other factors contribute to such conflicting opinions.

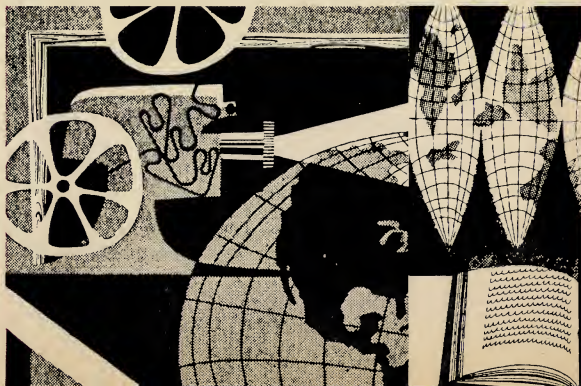
The earliest historical writers, such as Herodotus, seem to have had one primary purpose, which was to entertain the reader or the listener. These writers were artists, concerned with making literature, and the literature they produced subordinated reality to the effect they wished to create.

Another type of historical writing, which has had a great vogue, combined literary artistry with an attempt at objectivity. However, these writers, seemingly, had some preconceived ideas which they wanted to defend or popularize, hence they wrote with such thoughts in mind. The American historian, George Bancroft, is illustrative of this group of authors; for example, he was concerned with preserving and defending New England puritanism and the aristocracy of the colonial civilization, which was quite devoid of a feeling for democracy. The result is a literary masterpiece, but one which hides the true character of the colonial leaders of our country, their support of slavery, their exclusion of the majority of the people from voting, and land-tenure systems which were almost perpetuations of European peasantry.

A third type of history writing, which has been stressed during the last century, is the modern school of objective history writing. Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886) is considered its founder. He insisted that history should be written from reliable sources, not from tradition, hearsay, or legend. Speaking of history, he said, "... its aim is merely to show what actually happened."

In order to arrive at this ideal of historical objectivity, a great deal of help was needed from what the historians call the "auxiliary sciences." These are disciplines designed to evaluate the authenticity of that which forms the basis of historical material. These are usually considered to be geography, chronology, philology, epigraphy, heraldry, hermeneutics, numismatics, heuristics, and diplomatique.

CONDUCTED BY THE UNIFIED CHURCH SCHOOL SYSTEM.



HISTORICAL SOURCES

An illustration of the application of some of these "auxiliary sciences" to establish the validity of historical claims is found in the famous case of the so-called "Forged Decretals" or "Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals." This was a body of documents, beginning with the Donation of Constantine, including supposed decrees from various emperors and popes. These formed the basis on which the Roman Catholic papacy was founded with its claim to leadership of the universal Christian church. Lorenzo Valla in the fifteenth century exposed these forgeries. By applying the method of *chronology*, he proved the Donation of Constantine was a fraud, since it was dated with a numbering system not yet in use in the fourth century, when it was supposed to have been written. By the use of *epigraphy*, he proved that the form of the letters used betrayed some of the documents to be of eighth century origin. Using *philology*, he proved that words and expressions were used which had not been invented in the fourth century. Using *hermeneutics*, he proved interpolations of a period subsequent to the supposed date of the document. With *diplomatique* techniques, he showed that the material on which they were written, the variety of ink used, and the form of the documents, proved them to be forgeries from centuries later than their supposed origin.

BY T. EDGAR LYON
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR
SALT LAKE INSTITUTE OF RELIGION



Application of Historical Methodology by LDS Teachers

From the evaluation of sources by scientific historians, certain principles have become fairly well established. Among these certain principles we need to be aware of the following as we evaluate our historical material:

1. *Perceptions of time.* It has been established that after a lapse of about twenty years or more, many people cannot give an accurate account of their own experiences. This principle is shown by some stories now current about our Latter-day Saint pioneers. In their declining years some of them related incidents that occurred while journeying to the West. But in checking such accounts against the official journal of the party with which they traveled, as well as journals kept by members of the party, discrepancies appear. This is not because these elderly people were intentionally telling untruths, but their memories did not accurately report the events of long ago, and later incidents and stories they heard from

others sometimes became mixed with their own.

2. *Reports of conversations and meetings.* Our minds can play tricks on us. We can think we are reporting things as they happened, but a check with contemporary records often reveals great discrepancies. Here again, after-thoughts enter our minds, what we wished we had said or should have said, becomes interwoven in our minds with what actually occurred. For this reason, verbal reports of such affairs are often unreliable. A case in our Church history illustrates this point. During the 1890's two men undertook to record a conversation they purportedly had with the Prophet Joseph Smith at Nauvoo a half-century earlier. It is now known as "The White Horse Prophecy." It is one of the pieces of apocryphal Church literature which Church historians and Authorities have not accepted as authentic. They are aware that after a lapse of fifty years, it would be questionable for a person to give accurate quotations from a conversation.

3. *Memoirs need to be considered with a very critical mind.* People who write memoirs often do it for one of three reasons: to justify their acts; to give their version of the events which they discuss; or to defend their part in some movement or incident. Their writings may be honest and forthright, but on the other hand, they may represent a very one-sided account of certain events. Such accounts need to be evaluated by comparing them with the same story as told by other witnesses and with the written records of the period. An illustration of this is found in the number of people who, after the Latter-day Saints had established successful settlements in the Great Basin, took upon themselves the honor of having directed the Mormons to their mountain valleys. The contemporary records reveal no such helpful suggestions prior to the actual settlement.

4. *Diaries.* Some of our early Church members made daily entries in their journals, giving their impressions of what happened during the day. Such diaries are priceless, showing the contemporary reaction to the events of the time. The diary of William Clayton is of this type. But many diaries are of a different type. Their authors were not persistent, often letting months, or sometimes a year pass, then attempting to complete the diary after such a lapse of time by trying to remember what had happened since the previous entry. The interval between the event and the recording of it not only caused a loss of much that had happened, but often what was written also reflected events in the light of later occurrences. Although such diaries are interesting, there may be many things in them which are piecemeal, not complete, and not altogether in accord with the actual events.

5. *Rewritten diaries.* Many of our pioneer forebears kept diaries, then at a later date rewrote them, leaving out some of the things which they thought would be best left unknown, or parts which seemed of no interest to them. The so-called diary of Martha Cragin Cox, interesting though it is, was composed in this manner. It leaves dozens of questions unanswered. Perhaps the answers to many of these questions could have been found in the original diaries which she subsequently destroyed.

6. *Edited autobiographies should be considered with great caution.* They are of greatest value only after the situations reported are verified or supported from other sources. It often happens that some well-meaning child or relative selects portions of a diary for publication leaving out other parts which might show another side of the person. What is allowed to remain often does not give a true reflection of the actual happenings.

7. *Newspapers.* The very nature of a newspaper makes it necessary to rush material into print before there is adequate time to investigate the sources of the news and verify its accuracy. Furthermore, what may appear in a newspaper on a given day may be but a small segment of a larger issue which might take weeks or months to be seen as a whole, and a fragmentary piece of the story might give an erroneous view of the whole. In addition to these two foregoing limitations, newspapers must maintain circulation. To do this they often provide a certain amount of excitement, thrills, appeals to the emotions, and at times resort to sensational reporting to hold reader interest. The most valuable part of a newspaper, as a historical source, is usually found in its editorials. They reflect the trends of the time or the feeling of a community better than any other source.

8. *Hearsay.* For a number of years I have been one of the judges of the Pioneer Story Contest sponsored by the Sons of the Utah Pioneers Luncheon Club. From all quarters of the country come entries purportedly told by pioneer ancestors of the present writers. Over the years, many of these same stories have made their appearance, coming from different branches of the family.

It is fair to assume that Grandpa and Grandma related an incident to their children, who in turn passed it on by word of mouth to their children. That original story, whatever it might have been, is now found in a dozen different versions, coming from members of the same family. What was its original form? What did Grandpa actually relate? This often cannot be determined at this late date. Perhaps one version is true, and the other eleven versions erroneous. They might all contain errors. (Continued on page 112)



THESE ARE DAYS DEMANDING A SPECIAL KIND OF COURAGE,
NOT ONLY THE KIND NEEDED IN BATTLE, BUT ALSO COURAGE
WHICH MOVES US TO STAND UP FOR WHAT WE KNOW IS RIGHT,
FOR EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD AND TRUE AND HONEST.

A large, textured blue brushstroke, similar in style to the red one above, occupies the lower half of the page. It has a rough, painterly texture and serves as a background for the title and date.

The Era of Youth

FEBRUARY 1961

Marion D. Hanks, Editor; Elaine Cannon, Associate Editor

THE 2,000 SONS
OF HELAMAN

Now behold, there were two thousand of those young men who . . . took their weapons of war to defend their country.

And they were all young men, and they were exceedingly valiant for courage, and also for strength and activity; but . . . this was not all—they were men who were true at all times in whatsoever thing they were entrusted.

Yea, they were men of truth and soberness, for they had been taught to keep the commandments of God and to walk uprightly before him.
(Alma 53:18, 20-21.)



*An Army Chaplain
speaks about Mormon
boys and courage*

During several years of service in the US Army, especially since Pearl Harbor, I have had the privilege of ministering to the needs of many members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Mormon boys whom I knew intimately overseas were such outstanding, good soldiers in every sense of the word that I found myself wondering from time to time if they were a specially selected group. But when I came to Fort Ord I had to dismiss that idea.

The Mormon boys on duty at this post have what it takes! There's something about a Mormon soldier! He loves the United States. He is loyal to Almighty God. Apparently, no Mormon lad leaves his religion at home when he accompanies the colors to the battlefield. Undoubtedly, that is the chief reason why it is comparatively easy for Mormon soldiers to carry on without shamming, without shirking, without sniveling. Anyway, neither worldliness on the one hand nor the roaring of guns on the other, affect their faith in or loyalty to God or country. Naturally, therefore, as an American, I am proud of them.

BY LT. COL. IRA FREEMAN
U. S. ARMY CHAPLAIN

JYMME SCHOURUP
ACTRESS



At 6 a.m. Jymme Schourup, age 17, is up and ready for seminary. Depending on the demands of her young career she might next be at San Gabriel (California) High School, on the set at Disney Studios, or headed for a record date at Dot. At either of the latter two, she'll be called Miss Roberta Shore, and a portable tutor will be on hand to sandwich in her required education while she works. With such a busy schedule it's only natural that a good Latter-day Saint like Jymme, or Roberta, is happy that seminary comes first! At Church she's also busy being assistant dance director in MIA, singing in the Polyhymnians, a stake youth chorus, not to mention achieving her Individual Award for the fifth year.

Says Jymme when asked what she'd advise fellow teens, "If you really want something badly enough, then you should be willing to work; just practise, practise, and practise!" Jymme's list of achievements in show business attests to her zest for work. She's been Eddie Cantor's daughter on *Playhouse 90*, guest actress on *Father Knows Best*, feminine lead in Disney's *Shaggy Dog*, and ingenue lead in *Because They are Young*, a new Columbia picture featuring Dick Clark. And we could fill an additional page with her other professional accomplishments.

But most of all, Jymme wants to spread the gospel to all she meets. "Uphold the standards of the Church and never be ashamed of the gospel; teach others when you have the opportunity," she told us. And the most exciting times for Roberta are when she can have influence doing the things that her religion tell her are for the good of all, such as her latest recording assignment for Dot Records. She'll be singing the newly adopted

national teenage peace song: "Let There Be Peace on Earth (Let It Begin with Me)." She's thrilled about contributing her talents to such a worthy cause and thinks that all of you teens should make this your special theme song for a better world.

When Jymme returned from Australia last spring, where she was on tour with the "Mousketeers," her greatest thrill was having fulfilled an invitation to speak to three ward groups. Jymme, her sister and brother, her mom and dad are all active members of the Las Flores Ward, Pasadena Stake, in Southern California.

BY ROBERT PERINE
PHOTO BY AUTHOR



A FOOTBALL STAR

who knew which things mattered most

and chose to serve them

A few years ago a rugged Mormon boy, Gilbert Tobler, gained wide honors playing football for the University of Utah. He was an all-around athlete whose qualities made him an attractive possibility for professional sports. One day, at the conclusion of his college career, Gil brought a visitor to Temple Square and accompanied him with a guide on a tour of the grounds. The visitor was a representative of a professional football organization who had come hoping to sign Gil to play for his team.

I asked Gil if he had received an offer, and if he intended to accept it. He answered that he had received an offer but had not accepted it. I asked him if the inducements were not enough, and he replied that they were very attractive and included the possibility of help in getting a medical education during his off-season months. Why would he reject such an offer? "Because," he said, "I have been called on a mission and I have accepted that call."

The next time I saw Gil Tobler he had completed an honorable and very successful mission in South Africa, had finished his medical schooling, and was pursuing his training as a specialist. At the same time he was serving as president of a small branch of Chinese and Polynesian Saints—in his modest, manly way serving the Lord and his fellow men. He had early in his life settled on his purpose and principles and would not turn away from them through the lure of attractive, temporal goals or material possessions.

Now living in New York working as an orthopedic specialist with the Public Health Service, Dr. Gilbert Tobler and his family are active, faithful members of the Church, still choosing to serve the “. . . things that matter most.”

M. D. H.



CONVERT

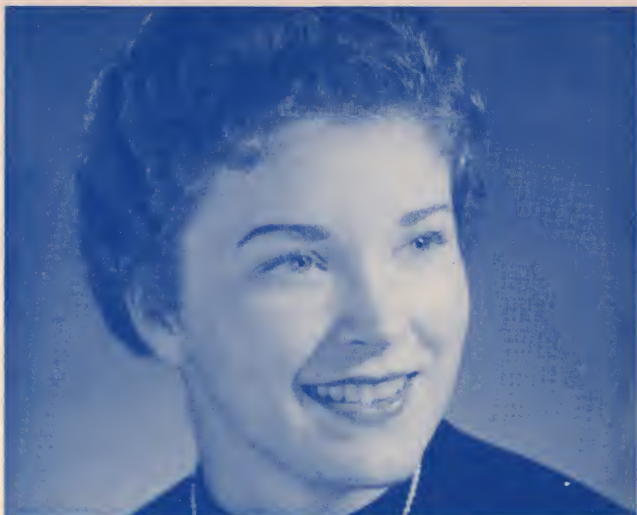


When Linda Wormald of Portland, Oregon, completed her junior year at University of Oregon, she felt she was on “loose sands.” There seemed to be no foundation on which to base her life’s hopes. Her faith wasn’t founded on clear principles. She had studied her Protestant faith more diligently lately. She had investigated Catholicism. Still she was restless. She couldn’t agree with many of the things she had learned. She felt she didn’t know God, understand repentance, and couldn’t reason out the resurrection.

During the past summer she worked side by side with a Mormon girl, Sue Emmett, who lived her religion, who was “unashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ.” The two girls spent most of their spare moments and lunch hours talking Mormonism. Linda recalled that eleven years ago, while on a family vacation, they had visited Temple Square in Salt Lake City. She still had a pleasant memory of that experience. Some time later, missionaries had called at their home, and the family had heard a lesson or two but were disinterested.

One evening Sue invited her summer-work-friend to the family home to hear missionaries explain the gospel. Each Monday evening she became better acquainted with these lessons. Then shortly after July 4th, the missionaries began urging Linda to prepare herself for baptism by August 6th. She courageously tackled the Book of Mormon and studied the lessons, trying to understand Mormonism.

Just before the August baptism date, the missionaries held a fireside, bringing together all the investigators with whom they had been working. Linda felt she was being “swept along,” pressured into baptism, and she resented it. Finally, she found a dark room upstairs in the chapel and prayed fervently for guidance. Linda’s answer came in a very satisfying manner to her. She came downstairs and told Sue and the missionaries, “I am ready to join your Church, and I also plan to go to BYU this coming fall.”



On August 6, 1960, she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It took courage to tell her parents and friends what she had done, to break her ties at the University of Oregon, to face a new school experience for her senior year, changing her major, too, because of credit differences. But she did all of this. She feels she has been richly blessed as a result of her embracing Mormonism, for Mormonism opened the door to an intellectual as well as spiritual understanding that Linda wishes she could share with many more students.

FRED A. SCHWENDIMAN



TEEN TEACHERS



There is a remarkable aspect of the great missionary program of the Church which doesn't receive much attention but which is very effective and fruitful in its results. *It is the part being played by teens in teaching the gospel to their friends and families.* Hundreds have joined the Church through association with LDS young people in schools, communities, and in the armed services. Many thousands more could be attracted and taught if more young Latter-day Saints would accept the challenge of sharing with non-Mormon friends the principles and programs and inspiration of the Church.

How about you? Are you doing your part? Do your nonmember friends know about the gospel? Are you having the joy that comes from missionary service?

Many of you will one day be called by the Church to serve as full-time missionaries or stake missionaries. Some of you might not have that opportunity. But whether you do or not, you can do missionary work among your associates now!

How does one go about introducing friends to the gospel and the Church? What do you teach them? How do you get started? What do you do? Here are some suggestions.

HOW TO START

▶ Get a group of friends together and ask a recently returned missionary to teach you the basic lessons that are being used so successfully all over the world.

▶ Do some serious studying on your own! Learn what the gospel is.

▶ Attend classes and really listen. Be prayerful. Have as much interest and seek for as much faith as the new converts acquire when they come into the Church. After all, many of them are your age, and they have had to learn and choose for themselves. Can you do as much?

HOW TO INTEREST YOUR FRIENDS

▶ Be sincere, be genuine, be resourceful. After all, the gospel is the most precious gift you could give them.

▶ Invite them to worship with you. Use special meetings and occasions as reasons to ask them. Conferences, dedications, Thanksgiving or Christmas Day services, and other special gatherings offer a wonderful opportunity.

▶ Ask them if they know anything about the Church, and if they would like to. Be ready to teach them!

▶ Get your seminary principal or teacher to plan a special day or class period or social when you can take your friends with you as guests to observe what goes on at the seminary. The same thing could be done in Sunday School or MIA to provide a fine opportunity to get your friends acquainted with the Church.

▶ Enlist your family in your program. A family meal or a family evening with a family prayer and good family fellowship would be a revelation to some of them and a real blessing to any of them. (It would be a great thing for the family, too!)

▶ Plan to invite friends to attend or participate in athletic contests, operettas, plays, and other activities. (Do you know that in 1959 more than 1,400 girls were activated or brought into the Church through the girls athletic program?)

▶ Read and then pass on to them a fine book like *Larry*, which includes the story of a wonderful teenager's introduction to Mormonism. A great book like *A Marvelous Work and a Wonder* might do the trick, too.

Use the Church publications to share good things with them. Some of the teen articles in the *Era of Youth* will make a fine conversation piece. If you really *mean* your friendship and interest, you could scrimp a little and present a subscription of the *Era* to a choice friend.

▶ Take advantage of good opportunities to talk about serious things. Like you, all need to know the meaning of life, and if you are sincere and prepared, many of them will talk and listen.

▶ The heart of the effort, of course, is *you*. Your sincerity, your knowledge, your faith, your testimony, your courage are the big issues. You won't want to impose on your friends, or to seem smug or arrogant. But if you love the gospel and love your associates, you'll know that there isn't any more joy available in the world than to see them get together. It may well be that you can start the wonderful process of conversion.

▶ What you *say* is important. What you *do* is probably more important. What you *are* matters most of all. Learn and live and love the gospel . . . then you won't be content *not* to share it, and you'll bring great joy to others, and incidentally, find great joy yourself.

MARION D. HANKS



who have
learned how to
find happiness
through sharing it

*and there are
some other kinds
of courage*

Now a hero is made, not born, so they say.

That means it can happen to you,

But bravery in battle seems simple indeed

When faced with SOME things one must do.

It takes loads of courage, for instance, to stand

And deliver a sermon in Church,

To look a boy right square in the eye

If you are THE girl on his perch!

To be the lone boy on the block with a flute

And carry it to and from school,

To reach your twelfth birthday—become an adult

And abide by the movie fee rule,

To brave the big world of commerce and trade

And apply for your very first job.

Or obey mother's wishes on inclement days

And go forth looking just like a "gob."

Then one is expected to smile and all that

Though a loser in championship play

And behave civilly to the teacher at school

Who spoiled your straight A's report day.

When the crowd's gossiping behind someone's back,

You dare to speak out in defense,

Or when at a party it's time to go home

To be the lone one with good sense.

And to ask for the car; to call for a date;

To first meet her mother and dad,

Yes, these are some moments that test a teen's courage,

But with it things are not so bad!


ELAINE CANNON





DALE REX

*who lived
courageously and
died a hero*



Dale Rex was a farm boy from a small Utah community who became an outstanding student and athlete at Brigham Young University. He was a giant of a man in many ways. He stood six feet seven inches tall and was a personable, friendly, and much-loved young American.

During World War II Dale volunteered for service and was soon in action as an assistant machine gunner of a unit assigned to establish a diversionary bridgehead across the Moselle River. Early in the fighting, his gunner was killed. Dale Rex immediately took over the gun and manned it for more than sixty straight hours while assault after assault was made by companies of the enemy's most effective troops. But his greatest acts of heroism were yet to come.

A wonderful athlete, Dale Rex swam the raging river and returned with rowboats for the wounded and non-swimmers. He took off his own clothing to warm the suffering. According to official records during rescue operations, he swam the river at least four times, and he continued to save drowning men from the river until the unit was safely withdrawn. For this heroism, far above and beyond the call of duty, Dale was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

Dale Rex was killed a short time later while leading an assault through an open field on an enemy position. A recommendation for a posthumous award stated that "Sergeant Rex heroically remained exposed to enemy fire, until killed while covering the advance of his unit."

Perhaps the best example of Dale's courage was in the devotion with which he lived the gospel and remained true to his high ideals and purposes. Those whom he led had an almost reverent respect for him, and many of them wrote sorrowing letters declaring him to be the finest man they had ever known.

During the height of the conflict, Dale wrote home telling of his great desire to serve on a mission and of his distress in the tragic drama in which he was playing a part. Nevertheless, he said he would not have chosen to be anywhere else than in the heat of battle, because he knew that winning the war was of crucial importance to his beloved country. This is what he wrote to his grandmother on her birthday:

"Even here upon this battlefield in France, I give thanks for the privilege I have of living upon the face of this earth, as without this opportunity of gaining a mortal body, all eternity would not be complete. I am thankful I can fight for the things I know are right and for the land I know is choice above all lands.

"Without you, Grandmother, I wouldn't have the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The testimony which I have grown with me since childhood, so your efforts have not been in vain. I pray my testimony may grow as the days go by, and that I will never do anything that would bring dishonor to my name."

COURAGE TO BE GREAT

A PRIZE-WINNING
YOUTH ERA SHORT STORY



Time out.

Bart, John, and the other three members of their basketball team surrounded the coach for some last minute advice. With only a minute left in the final game of the state championship playoffs, the score was tied.

John and Bart were generally recognized as the top two players in the state, but no one was quite sure which was the better of the two. Nearly everyone felt that the man who took the scoring honors would be named "Most Valuable Player." In spite of their natural inclination toward team play, both youths were brought to a realization of their personal competition when, as they broke from their brief huddle with the coach, someone announced that Bart was leading John by one point.

The ball was in play again. A foul was called against Bart. The first shot was good. The second rebounded and was knocked to John. He broke free on a fast break and sank a one-hander, putting his team one point ahead.

Time was running out. Their opponents, feeling the press of the clock, worked the ball feverishly. Suddenly, in a flash, John comprehended the play they were setting up. He charged ahead at exactly the right moment and intercepted a vital pass. A glance at the clock. Only eight seconds left. All he had to do now was freeze the ball, and they would win! His last field goal had put his team ahead, and him one point ahead of Bart in points scored.

IF THEY CALL YOU CHICKEN

"You're chicken," says the girl friend on a foursome blind date to Marge who refuses to indulge in the petting going on. "Chicken, chicken!" is the taunt of a crowd of teens to a young boy who refuses to fight with a big husky who has been purposely tantalizing him. "Chicken" is the slur thrown at Joe who hesitates to throw rocks at the school windows or the taunt received by Stan who refuses to steal a pocketknife in a shoplifting spree. "Chicken!" they sneer at Jane who chooses Sacramento meeting on Sunday afternoon over a movie.

Most young people dread being called "chicken" because it seems to denote being a traitor, or a poor sport, a goody-goody, or just a wet blanket who keeps others from having a good time. Those who use the term, who do the name-calling are often the wayward, bullying kind, but for this reason they are noisier and harder to stand up to.

Some teens succumb to the taunt of "chicken" or similar words, giving up intelligent behavior in the doing. They want crowd approval more or they are not converted enough to their own beliefs of right to give them the will power they need.

An example of one who succumbed is Laura Stoker. When she entered my classroom last fall, I was startled to see the disfigurement of her lovely face that I had come to know so well the spring before. I wanted to call out right then, "Laura, what has happened to you?" But I refrained.

Later the tragic story came out. Laura had been driving a convertible up the canyon with three other girls when a carload of boys they barely knew began racing with them. The road was narrow and winding. Sixty miles an hour was far too fast to be driving under the existing conditions.

Seven seconds. In their anxiety to score, the other team had pulled in too close. John's interception caught them off guard. Only one defender was between him and the other basket, and in the clear, breaking for the basket, was Bart.

Six seconds. John's mind raced as he dribbled. His last basket had put his team ahead. His pass interception had clinched the game. But would people remember that if he passed to Bart and Bart made the last two points, the two points that would make him high scorer over John? Bart would not miss.

Five seconds. Out of the corner of his eye he saw another teammate also in the clear, but too far from the basket to score in the seconds that were left. Should he pass to him instead of Bart? If it were anyone but Bart, would he hesitate? He certainly would not hesitate if it meant the team winning or losing, but it didn't. They had already won. Should he throw away fame and glory? How would he feel about it later? There was so little time to think.

Four seconds. The lone defender charged. John passed.

Every young man aspires to greatness. Some say fame and greatness are synonymous. Others claim that greatness is a quality of character associated with sacrifice.

To whom did John pass?

He passed that he might have greatness.

BY GEORGE A. MORTIMER
GALVESTON BRANCH.
HOUSTON (TEXAS) STAKE

"I knew all this then," Laura told me, "but the kids kept calling me 'chicken' whenever I'd slow down even a little bit. I just couldn't take that. You see, I was really just getting in with the gang and wanted to stay in good with them. So I was foolish enough to risk our lives. Of course, I didn't think this through at the time. I guess that was just the trouble; I wasn't thinking at all. Julie was hurt worst of all. She's still unconscious . . . my very best friend. Umpteen more grafting operations and I won't be such a witch, but, Julie, she'll never be able to do anything, ever." Laura was sobbing, and I wasn't too sure that Laura herself was ever really going to get over the results of that grim accident.

How can you learn to stand up against "chicken" calling?

First of all, you need to be vaccinated against it by knowing what it is and what kind of people do it. You need to discuss it in Church classes and with your family and thus be somewhat prepared beforehand to cope with such childish tactics.

Second, you may need to be surer of your own ideals and of the goals you want to reach in life and how any kind of compromise might keep you from reaching them.

Third, join ranks with popular, successful young leaders who are also strong for what's right and stand up against the "chicken" callers.

Finally, remember that it's smart for many reasons to be a Latter-day Saint; it's smart to reach your goals as a true member of the Church.

I'll be seeing Laura often. She's a reminder to me of what succumbing to "chicken" calling can do to a person. If they call you "chicken," consider the source, remember your goals, remember Laura. BY CAROLINE E. MINER

CONVERSATION PIECE

ALL ABOUT COURAGE . . . from Cover to Conversation Piece in this month's Era of Youth. Consider, too, the courageous person who rises above his environment, who overcomes obstacles, physical handicaps, personality blocks, and DOES something special with his life. Some folks worry along behind excuses . . . "well, he's a natural-born athlete" . . . "her folks are richer than mine" . . . "my parents don't give me any support at home" . . . "but I'm so tall" . . . "being short is such a disadvantage" . . . "no one ever told me to—" And so on. Excuses for some; challenges for others, who take what they have to work with, what fate hands them, and do something good with it. How brave can you get?



KUDOS TO: Nancy Ann Adlard of Independence, Missouri, who boasts a list of crowns as long as her blond hair. But when THE contest arrived which required that all the girls appear in specially created strapless gowns, Nancy withdrew. Pressed by judges for a reason, she finally explained her standards of modesty. Result: The committee sent an order back to the factory for more fabric. A dressmaker fashioned a new neckline and sleeves. And Nancy appeared in the event looking lovely, winning the admiration of all concerned for not compromising her ideals, even for a glamorous moment.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW

QUESTION: Why is it such a frightening experience to stand up and speak in testimony meeting? I manage to get along with a normal amount of anxiety in most situations, but I seem to become terribly emotional when I try to bear my testimony, and I know many others feel the same.

JANET.

We who have expressed our testimonies before others know exactly what you mean, Janet. We, too, have been moved by the emotion that usually accompanies this experience.

Bearing testimony is a very sacred and serious act and one that should properly make us meek and humble. To some of the early elders of the Church the Lord said that the testimonies they had borne were "recorded in heaven," and that the angels rejoiced over them. When we give our personal witness, we are expressing the most solemn and sweet and important assurances of our hearts. We are obeying his commandment to "thank the Lord thy God in all things." We are testifying, through a "broken heart and a contrite spirit," that we are grateful for his marvelous gifts to us.

A testimony is deeply personal. As we express ours, we earnestly sense our limitations and our need for God. We feel our weakness and are humble before his holiness. We are moved by our appreciation for his goodness and his love.

As we accept the sacred and solemn privilege of bearing testimony—and as we continue to study and pray and to live the life of the gospel—we grow in the courage and capacity to witness our faith before God and our fellow men. But there remains always with the experience the sincere emotion that flows from a grateful heart touched by the Spirit of the Lord.

MARION D. HANKS



A Book of Mormon Lesson for Life

“I, Johnny, Parent-to-be...”

BY PRESIDENT MARION D. HANKS
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

■ Suppose you were going to teach a lesson or give a talk to a group of young Latter-day Saints on the theme of the very first words in the Book of Mormon: “I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents. . .” (1 Nephi 1:1.) This wouldn’t be very difficult, would it? After all, there could scarcely be a more universally accepted fact—it is a marvelous advantage to be born to good parents and into a home where the child is wanted and will be loved and trained and taught and given good example.

But suppose you were well acquainted with the group you were to teach and knew that among them were at least several young people to whom this lesson, taught in the usual way, would be a heartbreak and a cause of uneasiness and embarrassment? Here is John whose parents have provided an example of a very unexemplary home, who have separated or divorced after bitterness and disloyalty and tragic constant controversy. John is fighting his way to a good life, anxious and determined to make something of himself and to prepare for a happy home of his own. There sits Phyllis whose folks have chosen a course directly opposite from that which they once followed and which she wants to live. Across the room is Robert who loves his dad but is confused because Dad thinks hunting and fishing and ball games, and maybe tobacco and alcohol, are more important than his priesthood opportunities.

How will you teach your lesson with these youngsters in the group?

You will want to face the facts of your situation squarely as you begin, acknowledging that while each of us understands that the enjoyment of a desirable heritage is a great blessing, many parents and homes are not what they ought to be. Frequently and commendably, devoted, courageous young people exert a favorable influence on parents and homes, but it is often true that there is discouragingly little that can

be done to change parents by sons or daughters who themselves are resolutely trying to improve upon their heritage.

What can and should be taught is that though we may not be in a position to do much about improving our parents, *there is everything we can do about deciding what kind of parents our own children will have!* From the great scriptural affirmation “I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents. . .” we can teach with effective emphasis and sincerity, “I, John, desiring earnestly one day to become a goodly parent. . .”

Someone has said, “It is desirable to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.”

To *become* a goodly parent is a challenge and objective fit for the strongest and most determined young person, and the achieving of this goal lies squarely on the shoulders of the individual. One can become what he sincerely desires and wills to be.

There is, of course, much more that must be considered and said while one teaches such a lesson. There is the responsibility of children to parents, of parents to their children, and of prospective parents to their future children, to explore and ponder.

CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS

To Moses on the mount (Exodus 20:12) the Lord gave an eternally applicable commandment: “*Honour thy father and thy mother. . .*” In Proverbs 6:20 it is written: “*My son, keep thy father’s commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.*” Many young persons have the confusing and difficult problem of learning to differentiate between the honor due their parents because they are their parents and have blessed them with the chance to live, and the wrong choices those parents have made and the bad example they have set. No child is bound to follow a parent into degradation or dereliction or untruth, but every child is commanded of (Continued on page 113)

When our seventh baby was nearly a year old, I visited my doctor to tell him I thought we were expecting again. A kindly, unhurried man, he often gave me his valuable time to discuss various problems. On this day I appreciated his fatherly manner more than usual, for what he told me was not easy to understand. There would be no more babies.

My husband Ray and I had long since agreed that we would have our family "just as they came." If this sounds naive, we felt our perfect health and our religion justified it. Ray had never missed a day of work because of illness, and we knew our children would never become burdens of public charity.

So, after having a baby for every year or year-and-a-half since we'd been married, it was something of a shock to be told there would be no more. I thought it over and decided calmly, "If that's the way the Lord wants it, I've no objections."

We'd had four little girls in a row, then twin boys. Our newest little fellow, the seventh, I was sure was the sweetest thing that ever happened. "Why, we've a wonderful family," I thought, "why should anyone want more!"

As it happened, however, the doctor was mistaken. Several months later, we had another little boy. He is now eight years old and has five younger sisters and brothers!

Today



when
he left for
school, I kissed him
goodbye, and he gave me
a quick hug, stuffed his fists
into his pockets, and swaggered
off to school; such a self-assured little
man-of-the-world! For the thousandth time,
I wondered, "What would I do without him!"

The next little boy, sixteen months younger, reached for a kiss; but broke away as he suddenly remembered, "Hey, one of my teeth is loosed!" An old story? Not when the thrill of it each time is new to them.

The next two little girls, four and five, stood beside me as we waved the boys out of sight. Then Janet tugged at my arm for attention.

*How it feels to be the Mother of 13**

BY MARVEL SHARP
CROOKSTON

"You know what?" I grinned down at her because I knew the answer. When she was sure I was listening, her little face lighted, and she beamed up at me through the fringe of dark lashes and sang out, "I *luz* you!"

I swooped her up in my arms and felt the warmth of her little body pressed tight against me. I silently prayed. "How grateful I am we didn't miss this one!"

Over her shoulder, I caught sight of our little Robert, three, sitting on the rug where the sunbeams streaming through the window formed a halo of his white-gold baby hair. He was solemnly engrossed in a little wooden box of odd-sized screws his daddy keeps for fix-it jobs. He scatters them a dozen times a day and I have to drop whatever I'm doing while we all pitch in for the pick-up game.

Would I exchange that and all that goes with it for the peace and solitude I'd have now with the older seven in school all day? Oh, no, because then I couldn't hear our little David gurgling here beside me with his new birthday bunny. He has his chubby little fingers over his eyes playing peek-a-boo with it. I laugh right out loud when I think how perfectly serious we were with seven.

When people ask me how on earth we expect to support so many with only Ray's weekly wage to look forward to, I usually make a cheaper-by-the-dozen

joke of it. I often wonder how they'd react if I dared to tell them the simple truth: that "walking by faith" can be a most gratifying and practical way of life.

The Lord has so many ways of sending help, aside from the very real help our parents give us in furnishing many of the children's clothing. I'm sometimes completely overwhelmed at the unexpectedness of a gift.

There was the time Ray was working in the home of a man who owns a chain of shoe stores. Although he has no children of his own, he was appreciative of the number of ours and thrilled us by inviting Ray to come into one of his stores and pick out any shoes he wanted.

Another time, I was shopping for a maternity dress. I tried on a lovely one—that I never should have without looking at the price. From then on, nothing else looked right, though I admitted it was more than I dared spend. The owner of the shop was helping me and happened to ask about our family. She seemed so amazed and pleased that she not only cut the price of the dress ten dollars, but got two more things off the racks and gave them to me.

When my oven broke down so that I could no longer bake the necessary dozen loaves of bread at a time, twice a week, lo and behold, I won a new stove with *two* ovens!

How, then, can I doubt that "the Lord will provide"?

But I'm constantly aware that having a family and providing for them financially is only the beginning of our responsibilities. Each child is an individual who needs guidance in working out his own salvation. If any of these fail in finding happiness or conforming to the rules of society when he gets out on his own, I would feel that we have failed.

Although psychologists claim that children from a large family often are better adjusted to life than adults, I know this alone is certainly no guarantee! To help prevent problems from arising, I've allowed our oldest, now in high school, to limit her household chores mostly to her own room and personal belongings. This way, she has time for club activities, Mutual, study as an honor student, and her music.

The help I've had with the children's musical education has been another testimony to the goodness of people. A neighbor who teaches a wonderful course with a good background of theory and harmonics offered them lessons at fifty cents each! Two

*See epilogue, page 100.



of them go each morning at seven and seven-thirty before school (nine of them now taking). When I thank her profusely, she passes it off, "Oh, I like to get up early."

And we have our share of fun! Ever since the oldest ones started talking, we've had our special night every Thursday for family programs, business discussions, games, or outings.

Of course it doesn't all go like clockwork. You'll find the bickering and fussing anywhere there are little people learning the rules of growing up. It's similar to Bob Hope's theme song *Thanks for the Memory* in the lines: "You might have been a headache, but you never were a bore!"

But this is all forgotten with the excitement of another baby. The brand new miracle that happens becomes each time more wonderful!

I can still remember vividly coming back into my hospital room after the last delivery, over a year ago now. I was neither tired nor sleepy; I just wanted to hold my baby!

When he was finally dressed and brought from the nursery, they placed him beside me on the pillow. He was sleeping as I looked him over; a husky little guy with fuzz on his round shoulder where the neck of his gown had slipped down. I touched his bit of hair, darkened with the oil; felt the softness of his

little cheek, and touched the perfect, tiny lips.

He wiggled and opened his eyes. Perhaps he could see me only fuzzily, but his bright little eyes seemed to look me over good. Apparently satisfied, he yawned and went back to sleep in perfect trust. I felt the bursting love and pride that accompanies every single birth. Motherhood!

Again, I thought, "How on earth could I have been satisfied with less? Supposing I had decided along the way that the responsibilities were too great?"

I deeply thanked my Heavenly Father for the help and strength he'd given me to go on. My heart swelled with gratitude and the tears spilled down my face.

Then I drifted off with the new little fellow snuggled close in my arm. I smiled sleepily to myself and thought, "How the Lord can bless us if we'll only *let* him!"

MOTHER OF THIRTEEN (14)

Epilogue:

As plans were underway for the publication of this article, the editors thought it might be well to check on the accuracy of the title. Sister Crookston graciously responded to our inquiry by informing us that the total membership of the family had increased to fourteen! Douglas arrived on July 13th to raise the count to six girls and eight boys. The latest picture shows the new baby on Sister Crookston's lap. One little girl is hidden from view behind her mother.

"How will they support another?" you ask. Sister Crookston gives the answer in her letter:

"Another thing that is different since the story was written is the opportunity that has become a family project enabling me to teach a seminary class in the Independence Ward at six-thirty every morning before school. I have only been able to do it because my husband, Ray, does not leave for work until ten minutes of eight in the mornings. The extra income, minus a tenth, is almost the exact amount for board and room at the 'Y' for our oldest who hopes to attend next year. So you see, everything *does* seem to work out as the time approaches when we need more of anything."

—MARVEL CROOKSTON

GOING UP TO BED

BY MIRA WALILKO

Our shadows blend upon the wall—
My little girl's and mine—
Hers stretches high, sapling tall,
In lamplight's edging shine.
I hold her hand more tightly still,
Rose-plump and warmly dear,

And wish with all my heart and will
The minutes be a year
To hold this time we have to share,
In thought, in touch, in care.
Yet time, like melting shadows flows—
My heart lacks chains. She grows. . .

*For Today
and all the Tomorrows*

The Message of the Temple

BY VERNALD WILLIAM JOHNS

The young man's gaze was fastened intently upon the graceful, light-bathed walls and spires of the temple. The clean, sharp lines of the magnificent structure raised themselves above the high intervening wall, reaching upward toward the star-pierced velvet of the night sky.

So long did he look that one knew it was not his eyes alone that beheld, but that his mind and heart too were seeing meanings and beauties within. Behind and beyond the carved gray stone, he sensed a message from the vaulted heaven itself as written against the night sky by the inspired hands that long ago had reared the graceful spires.

The hands that built it. Hands, indeed! Hands had held the chisels that cut the huge granite blocks. Pioneer artisans who began this dream in stone were of the ox-team era, a time far removed from this new age of atoms and motors. Yet this beautiful thing, standing as their gift to us and to ages to come, is as perfectly done as vaunted skills and modern machines could do it today.

Who were the people who created this wonder? What lofty spirit moved that prophet who lifted his eyes from the dusty, unpaved streets and rows of mud-roofed log cabins to the vision of such magnificence? What a leap from what his eyes beheld to that which his soul could see!

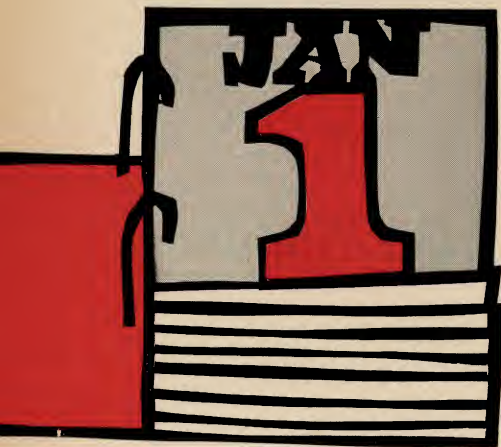
Who was the architect whose fine sense of proportion could shape the prophet's vision into such grace of line, such balance of length and width and height that it would forever delight the eye?

Who were the men who took months of time from new farms which needed fences and ditches, from shops which cried for all the hours of a man's effort, from store and mill and desk to toil and sweat to build this poem in granite? And who were the women who managed with less of the needs of life than even a pioneer community might have provided in order that this symbol of new revelation could be built?

It is not names we ask to hear in such questioning thoughts. What we seek is an understanding, for out of an understanding of the ideals, vision, faith, and self-dedication expressed in this lofty temple, a young man senses that he should find a key to living by some worthy purpose.

Today the future seems full of uncertainty. Constant tensions threaten atomic upheavals which could destroy the world before youth matures to realize dreams of home and achievement, especially with school and mission and military service looming to claim so many years of one's time.

But didn't the builders of the temple face uncertainty also? How could they have been sure that the hate and violence which had driven them a thousand miles into the wilderness of the West would rest to give them the forty years needed to complete their temple, or allow them to enjoy it when it was finished? They had already been forced to leave two temples behind. How could they have been sure that other plagues than the crickets would not leave them destitute? How, but by faith?



... and the Year begins again

BY BARNEY JONES

Reaching one hand outside the blanket, Paula Sadler groped toward the night table and switched off the alarm clock before it rang. Then she opened her eyes to verify the time. Sure enough, just before seven o'clock. After a dozen years of marriage a woman almost doesn't need an alarm clock or a recipe book; she just *knows* certain things.

Paula glanced at Tom. He was still dead to the world but smiling a little. It could have been mistaken for a carefree young smile, but it didn't fool Paula.

Last night as they ate sandwiches of leftover New

Year's eve ham, he'd grinned and said, "Well, the holidays are over. Tomorrow—back to reality!"

Jimmy, ten, had echoed his father, adding a tone of bleakness, "Yeah, Dad, life is earnest, life is real. School tomorrow." And he'd groaned. Mary Lee, six, dividing her attention between food and Philomena, the smiling, curly-haired doll she'd received for Christmas, looked up, baffled. "Life is real *what*?" she demanded. But Paula, concentrating on Tom's grave expression, let the question go unanswered.

Now, with the grayish morning light sneaking through the window shade and the sound of a shovel somewhere starting to scrape snow from a walk, Paula thought, yes, this is the day of reality. She slipped on her new purple velvet robe. Goodness, how extravagant Tom had been! No wonder he was concerned with getting back to the world of earning money and paying bills.

Thirty minutes later, in the kitchen, Tom buttered his toast and watched as Paula scooped hot cereal into a bowl and put it on the table before Jimmy. "Ugh, reality," Jimmy groaned.

Mary Lee entered the room, wearing her new plaid jumper and clutching her doll. "Happy New Year," she sang out.

"That was yesterday," Jimmy said, scowling. "Today is real!"

Tom said, "Looks like we have our own small prophet of doom in the house."

Mary Lee addressed her doll. "Today is real something—I don't know real *what*." She sat down and accepted her cereal but reprimanded Philomena who refused to share it.

At the door, saying good-bye to Tom, it seemed to Paula that he held her a little longer, a little tighter than usual. Poor guy, she thought, he's the one who works hard to make everything possible. He fares forth and brings the world to Jimmy and Mary Lee and me.

After the children left for school, she put a gigantic batch of laundry to soak, then stuffed a dozen soiled shirts—Tom's and Jimmy's—into a grocery bag to take to Ling Hoy's. She bundled up in boots and her old coat, wrapped a bright kerchief around her head, and went out.

The sun was dazzling, and the light new snow lay undisturbed except for a narrow trail on the sidewalk. She passed two blocks of homes, all snug beneath snowy roofs. The sky was sunny, postcard blue,

and Paula looked up to it thinking, what a blessed life I lead. She felt a touch of guilt, knowing that Tom was coping with large matters, life and livelihood matters. No sunny walks for him.

She reached Ling Hoy's laundry in the middle of the neighborhood shopping center, deposited the shirts, then continued to the supermarket. Its aisles were empty of the holiday traffic, and the few women pushing grocery carts wore weary faces. Paula selected staples from the shelves. Once she reached out for a large, expensive can of crab meat, resisted, and felt momentarily righteous. Instead she hastened to the meat section for a pound of hamburger. Reaching the produce section she gasped—those *were* boxes of strawberries and raspberries! How the very sight of them conjured up the warmth of summer, the vision of grassy yards, vacation. But the prices! Outrageous! Bravely she resisted.

She pushed the cart past fresh-from-Hawaii pineapples, past the fresh figs as exotic as another part of the world. She bought oranges and apples and, looking neither to left nor right at temptations, she headed for the cashier's counter.

On the way home she paused in front of the florist's window. Icicles fringed the awning, but inside, rich, luxurious anemones, purple and butter-colored crocuses smiled out at her. Hyacinths of the gauziest blue seemed to implore, "Buy me, buy me." But Paula felt her mouth grow grim. "Sorry, little flowers," she murmured, "this is back-to-the-budget month."

By the time she reached home, the mail had arrived—eight bills for December purchases, three painstakingly-produced "Thank you" notes from nephews, three brochures alerting her to January fur sales (her laughter was a single, rueful syllable), and three ads for January white sales.

She mixed ingredients into a casserole for the evening meal then went down into the basement to finish the laundry. A few of the sheets and pillowcases verged on the threadbare. Well, why *not* replace them now? Aunt Jane's Christmas check would cover. Besides, she ought to go down town to exchange a pair of too-large gloves that a cousin had given Jimmy.

On the bus she was conscious of the subdued atmosphere, the faint resignation, the faces of reality. Like herself, these women were probably contemplating bills and chores, or thinking of their husbands beginning the year again, setting out to carve new success and family security.

In the store Paula found the sheets and pillowcases. She bought sturdy ones, deliberately ignoring the expensively decorated linens. Someday! On the way to the boys' clothing department she passed through the toy section. The stillness was awesome, but in a way lovely. The hubbub, the traffic of children, the excitement—all over. It was a ghost town.

She reached home as the first rosy twilight was tinting the snow. Inside, in a circle of lamplight on the living room floor, Jimmy was stretched out reading the newspaper comics, a glass of milk at his elbow. From the kitchen came Mary Lee's piping voice. "Philomena, you must drink your milk. See my good example." Then, "I hear that my mama has come home. Let's go see her."

Paula kissed the children. "Do you have homework to do, Jimmy?"

He shrugged. "I guess so. Back to the old grind as soon as I finish the funnies."

She had put the casserole into the oven and was tearing lettuce for a salad when she heard Tom's car pulling into the drive. A moment later he walked into the kitchen, a gust of cold air pursuing him through the door. He looked a little tired, but the smile was there as he came toward her. He kissed her and handed her two small packages.

She stood at the kitchen table, her hands fumbling until she took off the paper that covered a carton of fresh strawberries and a small bouquet of pink snapdragons. For a moment it was summer in the room.

He grinned sheepishly. "I couldn't bear to think of you jumping into the New Year feet first, brutally, with nothing to look forward to but laundry and house cleaning and shopping and—well, eleven months of grim reality."

She felt dazed. She couldn't speak, so many thoughts and words were colliding inside her. Why, this was fantastic! He thought *she* was the one who faced a tough job. He actually felt that *she* bore the heavy burdens, faced the—what had he called it?—grim reality.

"Reality," she mused, "is an odd thing. My reality is you. I like facing you." She looked at his astonished expression, wanting to say more, but she knew she'd said it all. Their life and love was just that simple, that beautiful, that permanent. I didn't require words or tokens, any more than she required an alarm clock or a recipe book. Husbands and wives just *know* certain things. And they know them better each year, forever.

Liahona's Cousins

(Continued from page 89)

pedantic little digression is that there is an odd incongruity in finding perfectly intelligible phrases so punctuated that their meaning is destroyed. Yet this strange anomaly occurs often in the Book of Mormon, requiring many of the "Two Thousand Changes" in the book over which Lamoni Call and generations of anti-Mormon writers have used as "proof" that the book was not inspired. Actually it proves that no man or men sat down and composed the thing as ordinary books are written.

If the Book of Mormon were devised by clever and scheming men, as the world has always insisted, how could they have sent their skillfully contrived sentences to the printer in such a form that "every Chapter . . . was one solid paragraph, without a punctuation mark, from beginning to end"?² Was there ever before an author of a large book who didn't know how to punctuate his own writing? Who didn't even try?

Since to punctuate the Book of Mormon would be infinitely easier than to write it, it is inconceivable that any man with the wit and enterprise to compose such a large and complicated tome would be either unwilling or unable to clarify his own remarks by the simple rules of punctuation. Nor can the omission of all punctuation have been a cunning ruse, since the printer was authorized to complete the task. If the words which were dictated to Oliver Cowdery by Joseph Smith were also composed by him or by the two men working together, the hopeless and complete inadequacy of the punctuation (a phenomenon which was never publicized or exploited in any way) would be simply unaccountable.

But it is time to turn to Mr. Fahd's study of belomancy in the ancient Near East. Belomancy is the practice of divination by shooting, tossing, shaking, or otherwise manipulating rods, darts, pointers, or other sticks, all originally derived from arrows. Over ten years ago the present writer made a fairly exhaustive study of ancient arrow-divination, and some years later presented in the pages of the Era a long discourse on the ritual use of sticks and rods, especially in ancient

Israel.⁴ Yet it was not until he saw Fahd's study, the first full-length treatment of old Semitic arrow-divination, that it dawned upon him that these old practices might have some connection with the Liahona. For the commonest use of divination arrows, and probably their original purpose, was, according to the forgotten evidence unearthed by the diligent Fahd, the direction of travelers in the desert.

SINGAPORE

BY MARY JEFFREY

When teacher talks of Singapore

I see blue mountains, jade-green shore,

Tall palm trees, dark against the skies,

Bright, flashing birds with curious cries.

From a height above the town

A Buddha, gray in stone, looks down;

And well I know, beyond the bay

Are jungles deep where monkeys play.

Chattering children, bare and brown,

Roam the streets of this strange town.

Ladies, swathed and sanded, pass

With clinking anklets, gold and glass.

Merchants, sitting in market squares,

Offer enchanting, curious wares;

And far away, as in a dream,

I think I hear a tiger scream.

A sunray, glinting on motes of chalk

Rouses me to the teacher's talk:

I sit fourth row from the schoolroom door—

But my soul has been in Singapore.

Fahd begins by pointing out that the "arrows" used in divination, called *qid-h* or *zalam*, were devoid of heads and feathers, being mere shafts or pointers.⁵ Since Lane has given a fuller description of these objects from the sources, we can do no better than quote his quotations.

"*zalam*, pl. *azlām* [divining—] arrows by means of which the Arabs in the Time of Ignorance (i.e., before Islam) sought to know what was allotted to them: they were arrows upon which the Arabs in the Time of Ignorance wrote 'Command' and 'Prohibition'; or upon some of which

was written 'My Lord hath commanded me'; and upon some, 'My Lord hath forbidden me'; or they were three arrows; upon one of which was written 'My Lord hath commanded me'; etc., . . . and the third was blank; and they put them in a receptacle, and took forth an arrow; and if the arrow upon which was 'Command' came forth, he went to accomplish his purpose; but if that upon which 'Prohibition' was written came forth, he refrained; and if the blank came forth, they shuffled the second time . . . The *zalam* [were arrows that] belonged to the Kureysh, in the Time of Ignorance, upon which were written 'He hath commanded,' and 'He hath forbidden,' and 'Do thou' and 'Do thou not'; they had been well shaped and made even, and placed in the Kaabeh (the holy shrine of Meccah) . . . and when a man desired to go on a journey, or to marry, he came to the minister, and said, 'Take thou forth for me *zalam*;' and thereupon he would take it forth and look at it. . . . There were seven arrows thus called with the minister of the Kaabeh, having marks upon them, and used for this purpose; and sometimes there were with the man two such arrows, which he put into a sword-case; and when he desired to seek knowledge of what was allotted to him, he took forth one of them."⁶ But why arrows? Because, as we have shown elsewhere, the shooting of arrows is a universal form of divination, "as is evident in the prayers that the legendary heroes of the steppe—Finnish, Norse, Russian, Kazakh, Turkish, and Yakut—address to their three enchanted arrows before releasing them, and for instance, in the arrow-prayers of the Indian and Bedouin, all eloquently expressing the humility of men about to entrust their lives and their fate to a power beyond their control."⁷ The consultation of the arrows by one about to marry was, according to Gaster, also an old Jewish custom: the parties concerned would throw rods into the air "reading their message by the manner of their fall; this, Gaster observes, is 'tantamount' to the shooting of arrows."⁸ Other substitutes for shooting were shaking or drawing from a bag or quiver, balancing on the finger, or spinning on a pivot.⁹

In the New World "the autopsy . . . possibly of all Indian dice games is one in which the arrows or darts

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OPEN DIAPASON 8'	DULCIANA 8'	CLARA- BELLA 8'	GEMSHORN 8'	OCTAVE 4'	OCTAVE GEMSHORN 4'	FIFTEENTH 2'	MIXTURE III	TROMBA 8'	TROMBA CLARION 4'
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are tossed or shot at an arrow tossed or shot to the ground so that it falls across the other. . . ." More often than not, the arrows in question were mere sticks or pointers.¹⁰ In Arabic *sāhamahu* means both to shoot arrows with another and to draw lots or practise sortilege with one. There was no more popular form of divination among the magic-minded Babylonians than arrow-lottery, and Meissner suggests that 'casting lots' in Babylonian (*salu sha puni*) refers to an original shaking or shooting of arrows.¹¹

All this shaking, tossing, and shooting emphasizes the divinatory office of arrows as pointers;¹² but along with that they also conveyed their message, as the passages from Lane demonstrate, by the *writing* that was upon them. Fahd notes that "on the arrows words were inscribed, determining the object of the cleromantic consultation."¹³ Whenever divination arrows are described, they are invariably found to have writing on them, like the Zuni "word-painted arrows of destiny."¹⁴ The Arabic proverb for "Know thy-

self!" is *absir wasma qidhika*, literally, "Examine the mark on thy divination-arrow!"¹⁵ It has even been maintained that writing originated with the marking of arrows,¹⁶ but whether this be so or not, it is certain that men from the earliest times have sought guidance by consulting the pointings and the inscriptions of headless and tailless arrows.

The word for "divination-arrow" in the above proverb was *qidh*, defined in Lane as one of the "two arrows used in sortilege." The original and natural number of arrows used in divination seems to have been two. Even when the "magic three" were used, the third was a dud, the *manih*, which is a blank "to which no lot is assigned."¹⁷ It is the other two that do the work. On the same day on which the king of Persia shook out the divining-sticks (the *baresma*), the Jews would draw three boxwood lots to choose the scapegoat; but the Talmud says there were only two lots, and they were of boxwood or gold.¹⁸

The reason for the two basic staves is apparent from their normal designation as "Command" and "Prohibition." To this the priests at some shrines added a third arrow called the "Expectative"—"Wait and see!"¹⁹ But the original arrangement was that "two arrows designated the advisability or inadvisability of a journey"; they were designated as "the *safir* (Go ahead!) and the *khadr* (Stay where you are!)"²⁰ From passages in Lane it is clear that the regular consultant of the arrows were those faced with travel-problems—all others are secondary. The patron of the caravans of the Hejaz from time immemorial was the archer-god Abgal, "the lord of omens," in his capacity of the master of the arrows of divination.²¹ The inscriptions on the arrows themselves give top priority to travel: typical examples from the various systems, which employ from two all the way to ten arrows, are "Go slow!" (*bata*), "Speed up!" (*sari*), "Water!" "Stay where you are!" "Get moving!" "You are in the clear," etc.²²

It would be an obtuse reader indeed who needed one to spell out for him the *resemblance* between ancient arrow-divination and the Liahona: two "spindles or pointers" bearing written instructions provide superhuman guidance for travelers in the desert. What more could you want? But what is the *relationship*

"...to think as he ought..."

RICHARD L. EVANS



Today we should like somewhat to summarize our subject of some weeks on our responsibility for all the thoughts we think, for our actions and utterances, and for turning from wrong ways; and the fallacy of being resigned to wrong, once we have made a mistake—the fallacy of postponing repentance when we have done wrong things, when we have thought wrong thoughts. This whole subject seems somehow to be summarized in a single sentence from Pascal, who said: "Man is obviously made to think. It is his whole dignity and his whole merit; and his whole duty is to think as he ought."¹ It follows, of course, that if he thinks as he ought, he will do as he ought, for thought is the forerunner of all action and utterance. It is the power to think, to reason, to choose, that sets man apart, that gives him his high destiny if he uses well what the Lord God has given. It is with our thoughts, and the physical fulfillment of our thoughts, that we are all writing our own record—a record which one eminent scientist has said "is written in indelible script in space and time."² Of course we should not always or inordinately think the same thoughts. (Obsessions can be as undesirable as too much trivia.) We all need diversity of thought, some relaxation, some change of pace, some leisure, but not so much that idle and evil thoughts are invited to enter in. What we need, all of us, always, is control: self-control, self-discipline, control of thought, of appetite, of utterance, of action; the control to turn our attention to what we want to turn it to, to what we ought to turn it to, with an awareness that we are making ourselves what we shall be, that "what we are to be, we are becoming"³—which fact would plead the importance of controlling self; of turning to the positive and purposeful use of life, of mind, of time, of talent; of directing to right ways the whole intent of the heart—of thinking what we ought to think, and refusing to resign to wrong ways. "Man is obviously made to think. It is his whole dignity and his whole merit; and his whole duty is to think as he ought."⁴

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, November 27, 1960. Copyright 1960.

¹Pascal's *Thoughts*, Sec. II:146.

²Gustaf Stromberg, *The Soul of the Universe*.

³Chinese proverb.

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between them? On this the Book of Mormon is remarkably specific. Both Nephi and Alma go out of their way to insist that the Liahona did not work itself, i.e., was not a magic thing, but worked only by the power of God and only for appointed persons who had faith in that power.

Moreover, while both men marvel at the wonderful workmanship of the brass ball in which the pointers were mounted, they refer to the op-

eration of those pointers as "a very small thing," so familiar to Lehi's people that they hardly give it a second glance. So contemptuously were they of the "small means" by which "those miracles were worked" for their guidance and preservation that they constantly "forgot to exercise their faith" so that the compass would work. This suggests that aside from the workmanship of the mounting, there was nothing par-

ticularly strange or mystifying about the apparatus which Alma specifies as a "temporal" thing.

Here we have an instructive parallel in the ship and the bow that Nephi made. Without divine intervention those indispensable aids to survival would never have come to the rescue of Lehi's company—their possession was a miracle. Yet what were they after all? An ordinary ship and an ordinary bow. Just so, the Liahona was "a very small thing" for all its marvelous provenience, having much the same relationship to other directing arrows that the ship and the bow did to other ships and bows. We must not forget that the ancients looked upon even ordinary *azlam* as a means of communication with the divine: "In view of the importance of religious sentiment in every aspect of the activity of the Arab and of the Semite in general," writes Fahd, "I do not believe that one can separate these practices (i.e., of arrow-divination) from their character as a consultation of divinity . . . they always believed, however vaguely, in a direct and constant intervention in human affairs."²³

Like the wonderful staff of Moses in Jewish history, these things suggest remote times and occasions when, according to popular belief, God communicates more directly with men than he does now. This is certainly implied in the status of the ritual arrows or marked sticks among the American Indians, regarding which Culin writes: "... behind both ceremonies and games there existed some widespread myth from which both derived their impulse, though what this mysterious tradition is he does not know."²⁴ Consistent with their holiness, "the consulting of the mantic arrows," according to one Ibn Ishaq, "seems to have been reserved to questions of general public concern and to solemn occasions of life and death."²⁵ Which again reminds us of the Liahona, "... that if they would look, they might live." (Alma 37:46.)

Was the Liahona, then, just old magic? No, it is precisely here that Nephi and Alma are most emphatic—unlike magic things, these pointers worked solely by the power of God, and then, too, for only those designated to use them. *Anybody* about to make a journey could consult the mantic arrows at the shrines, and

The average: not the absolute nor ideal

RICHARD L. EVANS



Last week we closed with this comment: "Man is obviously made to think. It is his whole dignity and his whole merit; and his whole duty is to think as he ought."²¹ And now we should like to turn to what follows from the thoughts we think: the doing, the learning, the practicing, the performing—and would preface what follows with a quotation from Carlyle: "Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can."²² This suggests, of course, the willingness to participate, the willingness to work, the willingness to use as fully as we can the gifts, the talents, the abilities, and the opportunities that the Lord God has given. Some of us may waste time and opportunity by being fearful of doing too much. Some may impair capacity by holding back for fear of doing more than a fair share, by not wanting to do more than someone else does, by not wanting to exceed an average amount of effort or activity. But we shouldn't let comparison with the average of others hold us back from being or doing our best. Capacity is increased by practice and performance; and if we hold our performance to the pace of the less able, or the less willing, or even to the average, we retard our own improvement; we impair our own capacity; and we impoverish ourselves, comparatively, and others also. Worship of the average is wasteful. The Master's parable of the talents still presents one of the most basic lessons of life—for all the servants in the parable did not receive the same. But even though there was not an equality of endowment, there was seemingly an equality of accountability in that they all were judged by what they did with what they had. We cannot reach our full powers or capacity if we are held back by the average, by the problem of comparative performance. The average is only what it is because some do more and some do less, and it is not in any sense an absolute or an ideal. And insofar as it would lead us to seek a lesser level, the worship of the average is false and futile. All men and all things will only be raised as people are willing to improve performance. Again, in closing, we would quote Carlyle: "Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can."²²

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, December 4, 1960. Copyright 1960.

²¹Pascal's *Thoughts*, Sec. iii: 146.

²²Thomas Carlyle.

to this day throughout the world mantic arrows are still being consulted. But it is clear from Alma's words that in his day the Liahona had been out of operation for centuries, having functioned only for a true man of God and only for one special journey.

Another man of God, Lehi's great contemporary, Ezekiel, showed a remarkable interest in divinatory sticks and rods, as we have pointed out elsewhere, and he describes how the fate of certain wicked cities is sealed as God "shakes out the arrows," each one being marked with the name of a condemned city.²⁶

Where, then, does one draw the line between the sacred and the profane? Religion becomes magic when the power by which things operate is transferred from God to the things themselves. As Fahd notes, the Arabs were extremely vague about the powers with which they dealt, as "primitive" people are everywhere. When men lack revelation they commonly come to think of power as residing in things. Did the staff of Moses make water come from the rock or cause the Red Sea to part? Of course not; yet in time the miraculous powers which were displayed through its agency came to be attributed by men to the staff itself. It became a magic thing, like Solomon's seal, which possessed *in itself* the wonder-working powers which gave Solomon his ascendancy over men and beasts.

In time the Bible became a magic book in men's eyes, conveying all knowledge by its own power, without the aid of revelation. So, after a fierce controversy on the matter, the priesthood received the status of a thing that automatically bestows power and grace, regardless of the spiritual or moral qualifications of its possessor—it became a magic thing. Strangest of all, science has consistently supplanted religion by magic when dealing with final causes. When Sir Charles Sherrington, for example, after describing the incredibly complex and perfect workings of the eye, insists that it is the cells *themselves* that agree to co-operate in the miracle of seeing, following an indescribably complex plan of development which they themselves have worked out, in short, that the eye makes *itself*, he is simply appealing to the old doctrine of the magicians, that things in

themselves possess wondrous powers of performance.²⁷

Hunters and medicine men throughout the world who use arrows to bring them luck pray to their arrows, blow on them, and talk to them, as gamblers do to dice and cards—for at an early date "the use of divination arrows drifted down into the vulgarization of gaming cards," i.e., the practice quickly de-

generated to magic.²⁸ That is why it is so important to understand, and why the Book of Mormon is at such pains to make perfectly clear, that the Liahona was *not* magic. It did not work itself, like other divination arrows, in any sense or to any degree.

And yet it seems to have been an ordinary and familiar object, a "temporal thing," which could also

What takes our time...?

RICHARD L. EVANS



Last week we talked of the waste of worshipping the average, and that the average is neither an absolute nor an ideal, and is not something with which we should necessarily be satisfied, and this we quoted from Carlyle: "Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can."²¹ In this day and season of many pressures, we frequently feel we ought to do more than we reasonably can. We feel both the shortness of time and the magnitude of our tasks. We think of knowledge we wish we had acquired, of talents we wish we had improved, of service we wish we had given, of things we wish were ready, of work we wish we had behind—and no matter how much we do each day, we frequently feel ourselves frustrated, and frequently spread ourselves so thin that we fail to be fully effective. We intend so much, but get caught in the mechanics of living, in the routine, in the daily detail, some of which is exceedingly essential and some of which is much less so. But no matter how much we do or fail to do, we must sometime arrive at an awareness that we have to choose, always, as to what we permit to take our time. This is a matter of daily, of hourly decision: what is most important, what to give first place, and what should be secondary. On this point James Bryce had this to say a half century or so ago: "If thoroughness is a virtue to be cultivated, still more is time a thing to be saved. The old maxim, 'Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well,' is less true than it seems, and has led many people into a lamentable waste of time. Many things are worth doing if you can do them passably well with a little time and effort, which are not worth doing thoroughly if so to do them requires much time and effort. Time is the measure of everything in life, and every kind of work ought to be adjusted to it. One of the commonest mistakes we all make is spending ourselves on things whose value is below the value of the time they require. . . ."²² It isn't the feverish pace nor the sudden impulse that is most effective, nor the boastful biting off what is too big—but the steady purpose, the quiet conscience, the doing of duty, the finishing, the enduring, the seeing things through, the thoughtful quiet consistency—always with an awareness that among life's most important decisions is what we permit to take our time—"for which," said Benjamin Franklin, "God will certainly reckon . . . with us, when Time shall be no more."

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, December 11, 1960. Copyright 1960.

²¹Thomas Carlyle.

²²James Bryce, Address to the Students of Rutgers, October 1911.

²³Benjamin Franklin, The Preface, *Some Fruits of Solitude*.

serve as "a type and a shadow," teaching us how God uses "small things" to bring about great purposes. As we said at the outset of this study, what interests us in Book of Mormon oddities is the *type* of thing they represent. And what person after considering the divination arrows, portable or enshrined, of other travelers in the desert will deny that in the Liahona we have an implement which, far from being the invention of a brain-sick imagination, was not without its ancient counterparts?

If we were to stop here, this would probably be the only article ever written about the Liahona that did not attempt to explain the meaning of the name. Fortunately the Book of Mormon has already given us the answer: "... our fathers called it Liahona, which is, being interpreted, a compass." Liahona is here clearly designated as an Old World word from the forgotten language of the fathers, which must be interpreted to present readers. But what is a compass? According to the Oxford dictionary, the derivation of the word remains a mystery; it has two basic meanings, but which has priority nobody knows: the one is "to pass or step together," referring always to a *pair* of things in motion; the other refers to the nature of that motion in a circle, "to pass or step completely," to complete a "circumference, circle, round," to embrace or enclose completely. Thus whether it refers to the ball or the arrows, "compass" is the best possible word to describe the device, though generations of Book of Mormon critics have laughed their heads off at the occurrence of the modern word in what purports to be an ancient book.

The usual practice in explaining the word *Liahona* is to consult dictionaries of Hebrew and cognate languages, searching out words that begin with li-, aho-, hona-, etc., and to speculate on the most likely combinations. It is a pleasant game that anyone can play, and since there are well over a hundred possible combinations which, if we allow for simple and well-known sound-shifts, can be run into thousands, there is plenty of fun for everybody—provided we don't get the idea that our guesses are significant. When we are dealing with possible meanings of possible syllable combinations, there is such latitude that rigorous demonstration is out of the question.

It is only when the Book of Mormon is both peculiar and specific — in such names as Paanchi, and such tales as the story of Joseph's two garments—that parallels become significant. Our own preference has always been for *le-yah-hôn-na*, literally, "to God is our commanding," i.e. "God is our guide," since *hôn*, *hwn*, is the common late Egyptian word for "lead, guide, take command." This might be supported

—an example and a warning. In her zeal to convict Joseph Smith of a morbid preoccupation with stones, Mrs. Brodie, with characteristic accuracy and objectivity, has invented two new wonderstones of her own—"two crystals with spindles inside" — to take the place of the brass ball. Such are the ways and pitfalls of those who "with great swelling words" seek to explain away God's dealings with men.

FUNNY WEATHER

BY FRANCES GORMAN RISSE

Dame Nature thought she'd like to try

A brand new weather cake;
She looked up on her pantry shelf,
Deciding what she'd make.

"I'm tired of snow cake iced with sleet;

Perhaps a sunshine tart
With whipped cloud icing would be good."

She said, but couldn't start.
She thought of storm cloud chocolate sponge

Stirred with a west wind spoon,
Or star cake filled with silver dew
And beams fresh from the moon.

At last she just threw everything
Into the bowl of sky
And stirred and mixed and baked
like mad,

A twinkle in her eye.
Today it snowed while sun shone
down

And dark clouds turned to white—
Oh, what a funny weather cake
Dame Nature made last night!

by the oldest and commonest of all known inscriptions on divination arrows: "My Lord hath commanded me," but as long as scores of *other* explanations are possible, it is nothing but the purest guesswork.

We should not leave the Liahona without noting a recent instance in which higher criticism has sought to discredit it. This is what Mrs. Brodie writes:

"Joseph's preoccupation with magic stones crept into the narrative here as elsewhere. The Jaredites had sixteen stones for lighting their barges . . . He had given the Nephites, on the other hand, two crystals with spindles inside which directed the sailing of their ships."²⁰ Here surely is "a type and a shadow"

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¹⁸Exek., 21: 21-26, discussed by Meissner, *op. cit.*, II, 275. St. Jerome, an expert in Jewish customs, says these staves bore "cut or painted upon them the names of individuals" (cited by Wellhausen, *Reste*, p. 132). Fahd, p. 73, notes that the original meaning of the Hebrew word *qesem* "divination," is "to consult the arrows." Actually it means to cut the arrows, being the exact equivalent of the Old Norse expression *skera or upp*.

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Old Enough to Choose

(Continued from page 93)

said that she wanted to become a librarian, but her mother wouldn't let her. She absolutely refused to allow it."

It was getting late in August, and still Mom wouldn't talk about anything but Briarwood. Miss Kerwin was waiting for my decision. I had asked her to put me on the list of applicants and had procured a transcript of my grades for her.

Today we're going to settle this, I thought, as I drove home from the hospital. I can't wait any longer. Dad was home, stretched out in the hammock on the patio. I slipped into a chair opposite him and kicked off my shoes.

"Where's Mom?"

Dad shook his head. "Out. She'll be along presently." As if in answer to his prophecy, we heard the crunch of tires on the gravel. Mom came around the corner, and dropped into a chair.

"Hi, Family! Is it ever hot!" She sat there a few minutes. "I stopped

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by to see Ann, today," she said. "You were in pediatrics, Lynn, reading to a child."

This is it, I thought. Right now! I cleared my throat.

Just then Mom burst out excitedly. "Ann is going home next week. She's closing her house and going down to the university to enrol for a librarian's course. She's as thrilled as a child at Christmas."

"Isn't it late in life to go to college?" I asked.

Mom laughed. "It's never too late to do the thing you've dreamed of all your life, I guess."

"Strange," Dad said, musingly, "that when service to the world is so important, a person should have a dream like that and not be able to fulfil it."

Mom nodded. "I've often wondered why she didn't stand firm and go to college. She was eighteen at the time, and old enough to choose her goal in life."

Dad's eyes met mine, and Mom glanced up in time to see the look between us.

Her face took on a startled look. "Lynn," she gasped, "Lynn is eighteen! Old enough to choose—"

Her voice broke, and she burst into tears. Dad went over and put his arms around her, and I took her hands in mine.

After a while she quieted. "I saw your face today, Lynn," she said unsteadily. "You were reading to that child. I saw the look in your eyes, and I knew then that this was no idle whim. I fought it, though. I told myself that after you were at Briarwood you'd forget this nursing business. In my heart I knew it wasn't true. I can't do this to you, Lynn! I can't do what Ann's mother did to her!"

"Mom, Mom," was all I could say as I squeezed her hand.

Dad pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her tears. "Why don't we have dinner on the terrace at the club tonight and talk it over? You girls get your lipstick on, and I'll telephone for reservations."

Mom nodded, and then in a brave voice, she said, "But we'll have to come right home after dinner. We'll need your help, Mr. Legal Adviser, in drafting two letters. One a cancellation to Briarwood, and the other an application for admission to the hospital."

Evaluation of Historical Sources

(Continued from page 96)

Many of the stories of the appearance of one or more of the Three Nephites, which have been circulating widely in the Church during the past year, appear to be of this same variety. There are a dozen or more accounts now current among members of the Church, but it is quite impossible to accept all of them, and no one knows whether even one of the accounts is accurate.

9. *Local traditions and folk practices.* Many customs or practices get started through some incident or imagining (which are not historically sound) and in time become generally accepted. The French Catholic scholar, Mabillon, relates an illustration of this type. The people of a certain town in Spain petitioned Pope Urban VIII for a special indulgence for the festivities of their local celebrity, Saint Viar. Many miracles had been performed at this shrine, and people came great distances to worship at this venerated spot. The Vatican researchers commenced an investigation and could find no record of such a person. The Spanish Christians produced their sole relic of their saint—a piece of broken stone with the letter S Viar carved on it. Further investigation showed that the stone had originally been carved with the words PRAEFECTUS VIARUS, who had been a Roman prefect in Spain. He was a pagan and had never been a Christian. Christians had found this broken stone and assumed that it must have been the tombstone of an early Christian martyr. Gradually it became an established fact in the minds of the people, and they accepted it without question as a fact.

In our own Church, we have some comparable myths which need to be checked carefully with the facts. Years ago someone started the story that a few days after the arrival of the pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, in July, 1847, Brigham Young and other Church Authorities ascended Ensign Peak and, raising a flag on it, took possession of this intermountain country in the name of the United States of America. This legend for many years was an accepted fact by some people. A study of contemporary records prove that President Young and his party visited and named Ensign Peak, but there

was no flag raised there for many years.

10. *The present as a mirror of the past.* This is a very common practice among many groups where there is a need for establishing the antiquity of the movement. They take some idea, such as democracy, a certain religious practice, or some secret ritual, and seek to prove that the current view of it was the one held at some earlier period. In this way, they build up a structure of straw on a basis of measuring the past by the present.

CONCLUSION

The foregoing suggestions should make us conscious that, as we prepare our lessons for teaching, we need to be cautious in our usage of supposed enrichment materials which we intend to use. A story may sound thrilling; it may hold the attention of the members of the class; it may be dynamic and create class discussion. But these are not the basic goals that we are endeavoring to establish in our teaching. We are in search of truth, not fiction, fallacy, hearsay, guesswork, or tradition. Hence each teacher should evaluate any historical material that is being considered for use, in keeping with the standards herein mentioned. To teach an erroneous historical interpretation can cause dangerous reactions from young people if they later discover they were taught falsehoods in classes sponsored by the Church.

We need not be in doubt about a great deal of readily available material for illustrative purposes. We can better teach what Jesus taught, as recorded in the New Testament, than what someone might think he said or intended to say. The Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price, and the Doctrine and Covenants have much historical material in them, which is not subjected to the caprices of men, to their misinterpretations, or to interpolations or deletions. The official Church histories are filled with historical material which has stood the test of time. It is safer to let Joseph Smith speak for himself out of his history than to let someone else try to tell us what the Prophet said and meant. Church periodicals, ever since the early days of the Church, provide a storehouse of material which is more interesting and reliable than what someone may

report is supposed to have been said about such happenings.

If other material is to be used, let it be carefully evaluated and used only if it stands the test of historical validity. It is better not to teach something, if we are in doubt about its authenticity, than to run the risk of someone in later years having to "unlearn" the errors we taught.

I, Johnny, Parent-to-be

(Continued from page 47)

God to honor his father and mother. Would not any parent be honored to have his child improve upon his own example and contribution?

Children are responsible for assisting in the temporal welfare of their parents if help is needed. Paul wrote to Timothy, "... if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." (1 Timothy 5:8.) The Book of Mormon provides one of the most sobering and stirring lessons of child-to-parent responsibility in Alma's poignant rebuke to his son Corianton, who had been guilty of immoral conduct in a city where Alma went to teach the gospel: "... when they saw your conduct they would not believe in my words." (Alma 39:11.)

PARENTS TO CHILDREN

What does a parent owe a child? King Benjamin taught (Mosiah 4:11-16) that a parent owes guidance, leadership, discipline, and love. Jacob emphasized the importance of example (Jacob 2:35; 3:10), and Mormon of humility and repentance. (Moroni 8:10.)

PROSPECTIVE PARENTS TO FUTURE CHILDREN

The young have in them *now* the seeds of the future. Under normal circumstances and expectations there will one day be those who call them "father" or "mother," and who will be greatly influenced by the kind of mother or father they are. As prospective parents they need to learn the wondrous importance of good heritage, but they can be taught this from the scriptures in a way that will be stimulating and inspiring and that will give them the challenge and incentive to become "goodly parents."

Gold Ribbon Winner at Inter-State Fair
gives you her recipe for

"Cinnamon Kucken"

"I read about the contest in our newspaper... and it certainly was good news for me!" says Mrs. David Hanna of Coffeyville, Kansas, winner of the Gold Ribbon for yeast baking at the Inter-State Fair. "Now I hope you'll try my winning recipe. But be sure to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so fast rising and easy to use your baking's bound to turn out well."



"CINNAMON KUCKEN"

1/2 cup milk

1/4 cup sugar

1/2 teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons shortening

1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

1/2 cup very warm water

1 egg, beaten

3 1/2 cups sifted flour

1/4 cup Fleischmann's Margarine, melted

1/4 cup sugar

1 tablespoon cinnamon

Scald milk, add 1/4 cup sugar, salt and shortening; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in very warm water. Add milk mixture and beaten eggs. Gradually beat in enough flour to make soft dough. Knead lightly, about 10 min. Place in greased bowl. Brush top with soft shortening. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour. When light, punch down; divide into 2 portions. Roll each into 8 x 5-inch rectangle; cut into strips 1 x 8 inches. Shape each strip by hand to form rope. Pinch ends together to form one long rope. Coil into well-greased

8- or 9-inch layer cake pan, turning to twist, starting at outside and coiling toward center of pan. Brush with melted margarine. Sprinkle with sugar-cinnamon mix. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 375°F. (mod.) for 25 minutes. Makes 2 cakes.



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Joseph Smith, writing by way of revelation, made this promise to those Saints who complied with certain principles of righteousness:

"... the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dew from heaven." (D&C 121:45. Italics added.)

What is meant by and included within this graphic expression—"the doctrine of the priesthood"?

Before promising faithful members of the Church that they would gain a knowledge of the doctrine of the priesthood by the spirit of inspiration, the Prophet had summarized many of the basic principles in accordance with which priesthood operates.

"Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen," he said.

Called to what? Chosen for what?

To those early Church members familiar with the operation of the priesthood and its callings, the answer was clear. They had before them the revelation in which the Lord had said:

"... verily I say unto you, that there are many who have been ordained among you, whom I have called but few of them are chosen."

"They who are not chosen have sinned a very grievous sin, in that they are walking in darkness at noon-day. . . .

"If you keep not my commandments, the love of the Father shall not continue with you, therefore you shall walk in darkness." (*Ibid.*, 95:5-6, 12. Italics added.)

That is to say: Many brethren are called to receive the priesthood and hold its holy offices, but few of

them are chosen to gain the fulness of the blessings which the priesthood offers.

In other words: Many are called to the priesthood, and few are chosen for that eternal exaltation which is available in and through and because of the priesthood.

"And why are they not chosen?" the Prophet asks.

His answer: *"Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—*

"That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness." (*Ibid.*, 121:35-36. Italics added.)

Are there priesthood bearers today whose interests are centered in worldly and temporal things rather than in the Church and the things of the Spirit? Are there those who seek the honors of men—political, civic, economic, educational honors—in preference to that honor which comes from God through the gospel?

That the rights of the priesthood "may be conferred upon us, it is true," the Prophet then continues, "but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man." (*Ibid.*, 121:39.)

"Behold, there are many
called, but few are chosen."

What is the Doctrine of the Priesthood?



**MELCHIZEDEK
PRIESTHOOD**

Sin (of every sort!), pride, vain ambition, unrighteous control over other men—these are contrary to the "principles of righteousness" by which priesthood bearers must be actuated.

Can one called to hold the Holy Priesthood expect to be chosen by Deity for eternal reward, if he commits sin? If he lets pride and worldly ambition govern his life? If he exercises unrighteous economic, social, political, or any kind of dominion over other men?

"We have learned by sad experience," the inspired epistle continues, "that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

"Hence," that is, in the light of all the preceding explanation that worldly pursuits lead one away from the blessings of the priesthood, the Prophet reaches the conclusion that "many are called, but few are chosen."

There then follows that inspired direction, "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

"By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile." (*Ibid.*, 121:39-42.)

Finally, the Prophet, in effect, gives the promise of eternal life and exaltation to those priesthood bearers who pursue a steady course, who keep the command-

ments, who exercise their priesthood in full harmony with "the principles of righteousness."

"Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men," he says, "and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; *and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.*

"The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever." (*Ibid.*, 121:45-46. Italics added.)

What, then, is the doctrine of the priesthood?

It is the doctrine that those who hold this power and authority will be chosen for an inheritance of eternal life if they exercise their priesthood upon principles of righteousness; if they walk in the light; if they keep the commandments; if they put first in their lives the things of God's kingdom and let temporal concerns take a secondary place; if they serve in the kingdom with an eye single to the glory of God.

It is the doctrine that even though men have the rights of the priesthood conferred upon them, they shall not reap its eternal blessings if they use it for unrighteous purposes; if they commit sin; if the things of this world take pre-eminence in their lives over the things of the Spirit. It is a fearful thing to contemplate this priesthood truth: *Behold, many are called to the priesthood, and few are chosen for eternal life.*

THE PRESIDING BISHOP'S PAGE

QUALITY WARD TEACHING IMPORTANT

Ward teaching reports call for a high measure of quantity ward teaching activity. It is, however, left to each individual ward teacher or each pair of ward teachers to evaluate subjectively the quality of their ward teaching visits by using the measuring rod found on the inside of the back cover of the *Study Guide and Report Book* for ward teachers, entitled "Duties of Ward Teachers."

Success in the ward teaching program is dependent upon the quality of the ward teaching visits as well as the number and percentage of families visited. Quantity ward teaching is much easier to measure for report purposes than quality ward teaching. It is not difficult to report that a given visit has or has not been made. It is, on the other hand, almost impossible to make an objective report of the excellence of ward teacher performance. The variables involved are many and difficult to isolate as far as observed results are concerned. While the evaluation of ward teaching in a general way may be gauged by the faithfulness and devotion to the Church of the family members visited, such a measuring device is not conclusive nor practical for report purposes.

Perhaps the best evaluation for quality teaching should be subjective on the part of each pair of ward teachers. They should match their performance with the revealed and stated duties and responsibilities of ward teachers. Their stamp of approval will be an inner feeling of satisfaction for a job well done.

Along with thirty listed duties referred to above, ward teachers should ask themselves the following questions and perfect their techniques until the answer to each question brings an inner glow of satisfaction:

Do we really love the people we are called to

visit? Do we know each member of each family by name? Do we know their problems, their desires, their aspirations? Are we prepared to bring them all into the conversation and lesson discussion? Do our enthusiasm and message inspire faith in every member?

Have we prepared for each individual visit? Do we have a specific objective for each visit? Do we have something important to leave with each family? Have we prepared the regular message well so that it can be given with power?

Have we invited the Lord in prayer to attend us and help us with our ward teaching assignment? Do we lean heavily upon him for inspiration? Were our prayer and the prayers with the families *real* prayers?

The monthly report measures the quantity of our ward teaching. The Lord leaves it to each of us ward teachers to evaluate the quality of our visits. Be sure that our performance each month is in line with his expectations.

WORKING WITH ABSENTEE SENIOR MEMBERS PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD

While senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood who are in the armed forces or away from home for other reasons are, because of inaccessibility more difficult to contact, they are often easier to influence. The inactivity in the Church of this group is frequently the result of environmental pressures of close associates and friends. When removed from these ties by a change of residence, a man becomes relatively free to be influenced for good or bad by new surroundings and new friends.

Absentee senior members may be worked with in several ways. They surely should not be neglected nor overlooked. Their being away from home can very well be an asset rather than a liability in motivating them to activity and preparing them for advancement in the priesthood.

Regular correspondence is important in working with absentee members. At least one letter a month should be sent to each one. They should be personal letters of encouragement. They should contain ward news of interest and should be inspirational and faith-promoting. Each letter may be written by the bishop or for his signature. Additional letters may be sent by the group adviser or general secretary.

In the case of servicemen, the regular servicemen's program should be followed. Bishops should assure themselves that branch or ward officers or co-ordinators, in or near the absentee's military residence, have been notified and requested to reach them and encourage them to attend the Church services and par-

ticipate actively in Church activities. This notification should include some background of helpful information about the absentee senior member and his family.

It is often possible to find someone in the same military camp or in the near vicinity who, upon invitation, will take a special interest in the absentee and continue to encourage him in Church participation.

Families of absentee senior members should be visited by group advisers. Inquiry as to the welfare of the absentee should be made on such visits. Reports of these contacts will surely reach the senior member through family correspondence, and they are bound to create respect and appreciation.

We urge that absentee members be worked with in every way possible. Such efforts are certain to be productive of good.

WARD TEACHING SUPPLEMENT

THE BIBLE

A careful and prayerful study of the Bible will make a person a better father or mother, a better husband or wife, a better son or daughter, a better citizen, and surely a better member of the kingdom of God. The more the Bible is read, the more meaningful it becomes, and when read with worthy purpose, the more Christlike becomes the reader.

Jesus admonished all who would be his disciples to:

"Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." (John 5:39.)

The Bible is a lamp for those who tread the darkened trail. It is the chart and compass to guide the ship for all who sail the sea of life. It is God's statement and answers in forceful and beautiful language to the age-old problems of young and old, rich and poor: "What is the destiny of man? Why am I here? What are my obligations in the great plan of life?"

Reading the Bible gives comfort to the bereaved. It gives hope to those who are discouraged. It supplies faith and courage to those who are fearful and apprehensive. It seems to be a source of supply for the inner longings of man, whatever they be. In the Bible are found the sublime truths of life. It is the word of God written by the hands of inspired men, preserved at the cost of great effort, translated by many who became martyrs that we may enjoy its treasures. It opens up the way of eternal life and salvation for those who study and pray for it. It contains the gospel

of Jesus Christ, the plan of salvation.

All the Bible may not be equally valuable or satisfying. Moods and needs vary. There are, however, to the sincere seeker the answers to basic problems.

Some read the Bible for its literary contributions. Its couplets and balance are superb. It is full of beautiful gems.

Who is not thrilled by reading the twenty-third psalm? "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . ."

Where can be found more beautiful language than the entreaty of Ruth to her mother-in-law? "... Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: ..." (Ruth 1:16.)

How could a story be more beautifully told than that of the shepherds at the announcement of Jesus' birth: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. . ." (Luke 2:8.)

The Bible is a wonderful book of history. It is among the oldest written records of people.

Some read the Bible to justify their actions or beliefs, or they do it to prove or disprove some personal issue.

Regardless of the motive for Bible reading, it is God's word, a divine guide to our spiritual lives. It should be read regularly and frequently for this purpose. All other values, be they literary, historical, emotional, or intellectual are by-products and added bonuses for the study we make of the scriptures.



You will not have to call for the genii by rubbing a lamp or do magic tricks or even phone your mother for help to put on a party with you rested and gay in the middle of it, if you do just one thing. I call it a "key to spre'es." This key is simply planning ahead so the big part of the work is done before the day of the party. The day of a party should be filled with happy anticipation and small enjoyable tasks such as setting the table, arranging the centerpiece, whisking the duster over the top of things, keeping the kitchen in order, and making you look your lovely best.

Never plan a last-minute menu if you want to be a relaxed hostess. Your guests will not enjoy the party if they feel they have imposed on you. I remember once attending a dinner where we didn't even see the hostess until she breathlessly invited us into the dining room. Then all through dinner she jumped up and down, spending most of the time between the dinner table and the kitchen. Again, planning could have remedied all this. Her dinner was good, yes, but a more easily prepared, more simply served dinner would have been just as delicious and much more fun. After dinner was over she still puttered around in the kitchen, coming into the living room from time to time to sigh and straighten anything that was out of place. She didn't enjoy her party at

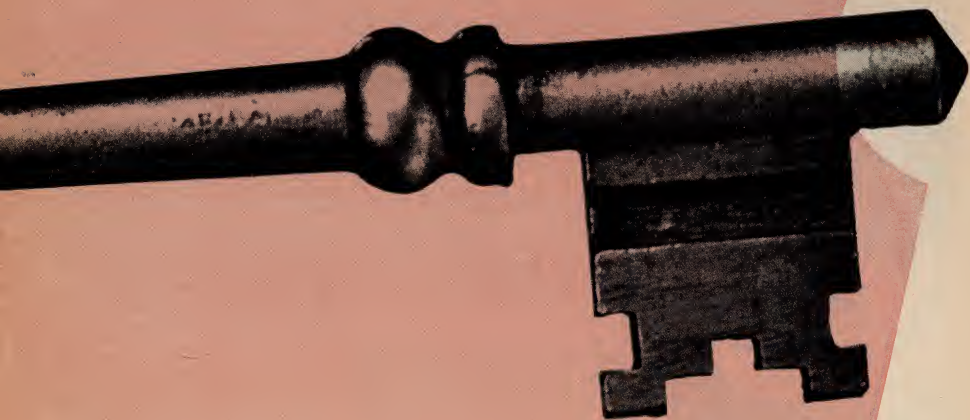
all, and neither did her guests. It all would have been much better, skipped.

Why not be "the hostess with the mostest" fun? If as your guests leave, they say to you, "But you do things so easily," don't think that they are unappreciative and fail to realize all the planning ahead and the work you did, but consider it a high compliment. You are a success; you are a relaxed hostess, turning guests into happy, contented people.

Someone once said that the day to clean the house for a party is the day after the party, never the day before. Perhaps that is the sensible thing to do, but most of us love to see everything just perfect before the guests arrive. It is something like the feeling you have just before you see the curtain go up on a Broadway hit. Everything is in readiness, now for the fun.

Sometimes it takes a party to move us to do many things to our homes that have been needed for a long time. Fresh curtains; windows that sparkle; shining mirrors; no finger marks on the furniture; polished silver; straggly, limp ivy replanted fresh—all add up to something we don't do every day, but a party prods us into activity. Again plan ahead, away ahead, and do a little each day toward that big day. Then as the lingering last guest leaves, you won't fall on your face with the resolution, "Never again."

That precious "key to spre'es" or planning comes in



many forms. First, plan the compatible, just right guest list. If you are the hostess, cook, maid, and dishwasher, don't try to seat more than eight or ten people at the most at your dinner. Any number more than that is much more easily taken care of at a buffet. Next, plan the menu and consider foods that do not have to be fussed with just before serving; don't plan more than your oven can take care of; balance your foods; think of color, texture, flavor, nutrition. There should be a contrast in each of these points. An all white meal is as unappetizing as an all soft-textured one. The flavors should be compatible but not monotonous. If you serve a tomato juice cocktail, forget about tomato sauce in the casserole or a tomato salad. There are so many little things to take into consideration: occasion, season, temperature, etc. There is a difference between deliciously out-of-season foods such as strawberry shortcake in February and off-season foods such as steaming hot chili con carne in July. Your good sense, if you take the time to think and plan, will take care of all this.

Now let's plan a few party menus for different occasions with emphasis on foods we can have prepared well ahead of time.

Buffet for Twelve to Twenty Guests
Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Cold Sliced Roast Turkey
Hot Dressing in Casserole (Nov. 1960 Era)
Fresh Vegetable Plate (carrots and celery sticks,
radishes, green onions, cauliflower)
Molded Boysenberry Salad Sweet Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream with Mincemeat Sauce

Roast the turkey the day before the party and keep it chilled thoroughly in the refrigerator. Have the host carve the turkey at the buffet. Make the dressing the day before. Put it in pretty casseroles and refrigerate it until about one hour before dinner. Bake it covered for one hour in a 350 degree F. oven. Be sure it is brought to the table steaming hot. The fresh vegetables can be prepared early in the day and left standing to crisp in ice water in the refrigerator. Of course, set the boysenberry salad the day before. Make it with black cherry jello using the juice from the drained boysenberries plus water for the liquid. Add the berries to the dissolved jello and set in a giant ring mold. The sweet rolls also can be made the day before and wrapped in aluminum foil. They may be served cold or heated in the foil just before serving. If you heat the large braid of sweet rolls, glaze it quickly with a thin powdered sugar and water frosting after reheating. The vanilla ice cream could be bought. For the Mincemeat Sauce stir a little orange



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Whole wheat for the Whole Family



juice into mincemeat. Heat to the bubbly stage and serve hot over the vanilla ice cream. You see the day of the big party is left comparatively free of food preparation.

Sit-Down Dinner for Eight People

Avocado and Shrimp Cocktail
Parsley Bread Circles
Beef Birds Baked Yams
Vegetable Trio
Mixed Green Salad and Bleu Cheese Dressing
Mock Date Dessert

Make the Beef Birds ready for the oven the day before the dinner. Also scrub and prepare the yams for the oven. Mix the Bleu Cheese Dressing the day before. The dessert is better made the day of the party.

Avocado-Shrimp Cocktail

Pare and dice the avocado and add to cleaned large shrimps. Mix with sauce and serve in a cocktail glass with salad green in the bottom of the glass. For the sauce use:

1 cup mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons minced celery
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
salt and pepper to taste

Mock Date Dessert

1 egg—beat slightly
1 cup flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 medium can fruit cocktail (#303)
drain and save $\frac{1}{2}$ cup juice

Sift the dry ingredients and add to the egg and fruit juice. Fold in carefully the fruit cocktail. Put in a well-greased pan approximately 9 by 9 inches. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar and one cup chopped nuts on the top. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve either cold or warm, topped with whipped cream. This recipe will make 9 medium-sized servings.

Luncheon

Sea Casserole Artichokes
Blueberry Muffins
Lemon Fruit Salad
Relishes
Cream Puff Sundae

This is a very simple luncheon to prepare. The casserole may be mixed and ready for the oven the night before the party. The artichokes just need to be trimmed and simmered for an hour before serving. Melted butter with lemon juice makes a good accompaniment for them. Blueberry muffins come out

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star.

—Brillat-Savarin.

of a box mix ready for the table in no time. Just add drained mandarin oranges to lemon jello and place in the refrigerator the day before to set for the luncheon. Cream puffs can come from a mix, too, if you are in a hurry. This is also done the day before. Then you open and top with mint ice cream and a spoonful of chocolate sauce on the day of the party. This will end your meal on a high note.

Sea Casserole

1 can of crab
1 can of shrimp
2 cups soft bread cubes
1 tablespoon of chives
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
6 hard cooked eggs, sliced
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mayonnaise
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup of finely chopped celery

Mix all ingredients together. Top with crushed potato chips and bake about 40 minutes in a 350 degree F. oven.

Luncheon

Individual Ham Loaves
(Era, March 1959)

Party Cabbage

Pear and Cheese Salad

Banana Muffins with Spiced Butter

Elegant Chocolate Pie

(Jan. 1961 Era)

The individual ham loaves and the chocolate pie both may be made the day before the luncheon, leaving the baking of the ham loaves for just before serving. These banana muffins are quick to make and delicious with this luncheon menu.

Banana Muffins

- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 large ripe bananas, mashed smooth
- ½ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs and beat slightly. Add the other ingredients and fold in 1 cup of nuts. Bake 20 minutes at 400 degrees F. (The ham loaves can be taken from the oven and allowed to stand while the muffins are baking.)

Spiced Butter

- ¼ pound of butter
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon

Cream well together and serve with hot muffins.

Party Cabbage

- 1 medium head of cabbage
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 teaspoons vinegar
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- salt to taste
- dash pepper
- paprika

Cut cabbage into 6 wedges and cook until just tender in boiling, salted water. Melt the butter, add onion and cook until tender but not brown. Add flour and stir in sour cream, vinegar, and seasonings except paprika, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour sauce over cabbage. Sprinkle with paprika.



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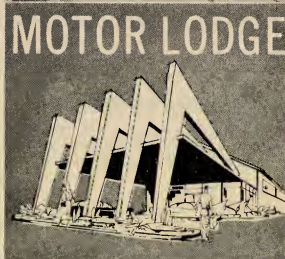
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PICK-'N'-CHOOSE

FOR SHUT-INS

BY PANSEY McCARTY

Many's the time, I'm sure, that your small sick-abeds or rainy-day shut-ins have confronted you with the major question—"What can I do now, Mommy?" And, as you know so well, it's almost impossible to make like Houdini and come up with a bag of new tricks every time you hear the call for action. Your solution? A lot of pick-'n'-choose fun prepared in spare moments or ideas mentally tucked away for those bound-to-happen times. Here are several very helpful answers to that No. 1 question:

Paper-sack Play offers many amusing, yet quiet activities. Cover a white sack with interesting crayola or cutout pictures of animals, flowers, etc. Then tuck inside little treasures such as a new coloring book and a new box of crayolas, small dime-store toys, wrapped individually, or several easy-to-play tricks or puzzles. Tie with a fancy bow of ribbon and hide for a sick-time surprise.

Or decorate small sacks for hand puppets. Place a large picture of some favorite character such as Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse on one side of a new, unopened sack. Glue the head on the folded-down bottom and the body just under it on the side of the sack. The child can have fun making the puppet "talk" by placing his hand in the sack with fingers tucked over the folded-down bottom to move the head up and down. His imagination will help with the words. If the child is well enough, let him make his own sack puppets.

A third idea is a paper sack garage. Place several tiny plastic cars in a stiff sack and lay away. Come in-bed time, bring out the sack garage and the cover "roads" will make delightful speedways for happy hours of car playing.

Instalment Fun is especially nice for youngsters in bed over a period of measles, etc. Since the days seem to stretch endlessly, plan different daily surprises by using several activities in instalments; for instance, an elderly woman in one neighborhood bought books of paper dolls with extra clothes. When a child nearby came down with something, the first morning's mail brought a pretty paper lady, cowboy, space cadet, etc., according to the child. With it were extra clothes. By mail on following mornings for several days, she sent additional wardrobe changes. The children loved the excitement of looking for the post-man.

Or divide the pieces of a new, large-piece jigsaw puzzle into several groups. Place each group in a sealed envelope. Then on consecutive days give out an envelope until the puzzle is finished. Large Christmas cards or pretty magazine covers make nice puzzles for this purpose, too.

Try a **Sponge Garden** to fascinate your small tots. Wet a colored sponge and place in a flat dish by the bed. Sprinkle lightly with any small garden or flower seed. Keep sponge moist. The fun comes from watching for the tiny green shoots that will spring from the holes in a few days.

Tree Decorating is never-ending fun for children, Christmas time or not. For a sick child, place a card table on the bed with two legs unfolded to reach the floor. Place a small limb in a flower pot and wedge tight with wadded newspapers. Set on the table within reach of the child and place a box of decorations—bits of cotton, strips of foil, colored crepe paper, costume jewelry, etc., near at hand for the fanciest tree imaginable.

Small shut-ins on rainy days can also spend many pleasant hours, decorating and redecorating a small tree limb fastened upright to a wooden support. Keep a box of odds and ends on hand for just such a use.

For the Missionary...

Catalog Cutting is fun for the sick or well as there are so many fascinating things to clip. Provide a wastebasket for scraps and make a neat magazine file for paper-doll people and other cutouts by folding every other page one third over into a pocket. Glue the edges to hold.

Clothesline Displays give a child a chance to pin up his favorite cutouts, get-well cards, etc. Fasten a sturdy string line to two long wooden strips. Stretch the line across the bed within reach of the child and anchor the strips between the mattress and the bed rails. Supply a box of colored clothespins and a box of pin-ups and you will see fun for hours as your youngster arranges and changes his clothesline displays.

A *Scrapbook Diary* offers a sick child a chance to keep a picture record of his days in bed. Save magazines for his cutouts. Help him find pictures of a child in bed, food that he might eat, pets, pictures of doctors and nurses, and other things associated with sickbed activities, to paste in a scrapbook. If the child is able or old enough, let him make his own book.

Other ideas quite helpful as step-savers, as well as Mom-savers, are a cardboard clock face with soda straw hands to indicate medicine time for a child that can tell time on a real clock in his room; an egg carton filled with anagram squares for spelling fun for an older child; a bird feeder outside the window of the sick room and a note pad and pencil handy for the young bird lover who might enjoy keeping a record of his bird callers; packs of pipe cleaners for bending into numbers, animals, letters, etc.; or a whistle or horn tied to the bed for signaling—only when the child needs attention.

If eating presents a problem for the not-so-sick child, try tidbit snacks—bite-size bits of cheese, apple, carrot, meat, etc., on colored toothpicks and arranged in a pattern on a plate by the bed; frozen suckers on plastic spoons from the orange juice that would not be taken from a glass; or small pancakes cooked in the shape of animals, flowers, etc.

But whether your child picks this or chooses that, you can be sure that a little well-planned preparation on your part will save precious time and tempers later. And it will happily help solve your shut-in's what-can-I-do problem.

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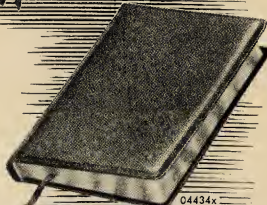
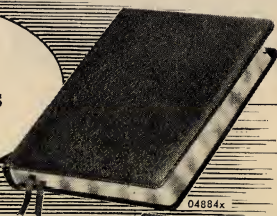
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Mr. Lincoln, We Thank You

(Continued from page 91)

Denton Offutt in 1831.

"Glad to," agreed the twenty-two-year-old.

Seeing slaves bought and sold on the auction block like so many cattle, sickened the high-principled Abe. "If I ever get a chance to hit this thing I'll hit it hard," he promised.

Now came his first test with community living. New Salem was a thriving river town when he sallied forth to accept his destiny. Here young Lincoln clerked in a store, enlisted in the Black Hawk War, served as postmaster and legislator, and fell in love with Ann Rutledge.

In New Salem his honesty became a proverb. He soundly learned law and became interested in politics.

In 1836 we catch sight of an aroused Lincoln, leaping forward with flashing eyes to seek a seat in the legislature. We later find him moving on a borrowed horse to the new capital at Springfield. His worldly possessions were a few clothes and three law books. But what was that fire in his eyes worth?

From cavernous sockets he looked out at the world. He was almost fifty years old, unknown beyond the borders of his own state. He had failed the mother who had whispered a dying, "Be somebody, Abe!"

But then came his big chance. With the Illinois corn "high as an elephant's eye," he duelled in a series of word clashes with Stephen A. Douglas.

One newspaper of the time referred to the "Little Giant" as "restless for notoriety, of towering ambition, proud, defiant, audacious, and arrogant."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* sized Lincoln up with "Tells a better story than anyone else—is a good lawyer—is what the world calls a devilish good fellow."

Slavery was the big issue. Lincoln's high-pitched tenor lashed out against Douglas' rich baritone. Lincoln pelted his antagonist with logic. He trapped him into confusing admissions.

Douglas admitted: "I shall have my hands full. Lincoln is full of wit, facts, dates, and is the best stump-speaker in the West. He is

as honest as he is shrewd; and if I beat him, my victory will be hardly won."

After the first joint-debate at Ottawa, Illinois, on August 21, 1858, Lincoln wrote: "Douglas and I, first time this Canvass, crossed swords here yesterday; the fire flew some and I am glad to know I am yet alive."

In his defeat, Lincoln gained his greatest victory. "I am after larger game," he admitted. "The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

Now the whole nation was asking, "Who is this awkward railsplitter from Illinois?"

That question was soon answered. There he was, just a few years later, kissing the Bible and accepting the nation's highest office. Douglas was content to hold Lincoln's hat on this occasion.

"Old ape," "ignorant baboon"—had any President been flayed like Lincoln? Crushed to his knees by a terrible civil struggle, his lips trembled as they asked for divine guidance.

With a single whisk of his pen he struck the shackles from the slaves. "God told me to do it," was his humble explanation.

Then came a magnificent 272-word speech—a masterpiece of English eloquence. Partly borrowed from the Bible, he dedicated the Gettysburg Cemetery with deathless phrases.

"... that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The assassin's shot rang out in Ford's Theater on the night of April 14, 1865. A body struggling for life was carried to the Petersen House across the street. Dawn heard a trembling prayer. Then came Secretary Stanton's immortal: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Lincoln was granted no deathbed message. He had said it all in that last great outpouring of words: "With malice towards none; with charity for all."

What do we thank him for? For his shining example of simplicity, of humanity, of justice, marching before us like a luminous trail blazer in a forest of darkness.

Is it any wonder we raise our voices in resounding reverberations of gratitude?

"Mr. Lincoln, we thank you!"

Tender Shoot

(Continued from page 85)

Higgins guided the horse toward the open road. "Tell this country goodbye, boy, we're on our way."

Eli was silent. He sat on the rump of the horse; the feelings inside him were still crossed up. The horse plodded with his double load, and twice Eli slipped down and walked awhile. The wagons were standing, waiting and ready. The wagon parties were finishing up their last minute preparations to start moving. The horses and stock were restless. Eli noticed the restlessness in the people, too. Not a bustle with eagerness in it but movements edged with desperation and touched with longings.

They didn't stop until night had completely hemmed them in. Then they circled their wagons and built fires. The fires smelled like apple wood burning. In the moving smoke and flames Eli could see a tall, gaunt man form and disappear.

Eli was tired, and he slept. While he slept, he dreamed the apple orchard was dead and stood bare and black with hungry-limbed arms. The east field wasn't turned, and the weeds grew rank and high, choking out life.

When he opened his eyes, the dawn had planted a molten field of apple trees across the eastern sky. Eli watched them change into gold Pennsylvania hills. He tied his bundle securely as the wagon master shouted at the drivers. Higgins drew rein and looked down at him.

"Ready, Eli?"

"I'm not going, I just decided."

"Why? No time to back out now."

"It's the time for me."

"Where you going?"

"Going back, back to the hills."

"How you going, our start was slow yesterday, but we covered some ground."

"I can walk."

Higgins shook his head, "Well, all right, Eli, if that's what you want."

Eli just nodded and waved goodbye. He walked hard and steady. He stopped for a drink of water a few places, but he only sat down once to eat a bite from his bundle. When he walked through Gettysburg and looked toward the graveyard, he thought it was strange how the torn place inside him had been pieced together.

He hurried now. His feet were so light they felt like goose down. Now there was so much happiness in him it seeped up into his throat and made a big lump.

It was late when his feet struck the familiar path and rise from where he could see the land and the log house. Only now it was dark. He could smell the sweetness of the fresh-turned earth, and he could see how the light washed through where the deer skin was pulled back from the window. He knew how his ma would act; he knew as well as if he'd just opened the door. She wouldn't show a lot of feelings, he could hear her, "You like a bite, Eli, 'fore you turn in?"

He could feel her strong fingers squeeze his shoulder tenderly while he sat eating. He could see the land before him just as if the sun was flooding the fields and the apple orchard. There were tears in Eli's eyes, watering the tender shoot of hope that had sprung up in his heart.

IDEALIST ETERNAL
BY BARBARA YERBURY FILAN

'Tis said that most celestial streets
Are paved with purest gold,
And I daresay this awesome sight
Is wondrous to behold.

Yet somewhere there must surely be
With flowers overgrown,
A Heavenly path for wandering
Where one can dream alone.

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Church Moves On

(Continued from page 76)

Elder William S. Partridge, formerly second counselor, sustained as first counselor to President Heber E. Peterson of Olympus (Utah) Stake, succeeding Elder Boyd C. Bott, recently sustained as president of Melbourne (Australia) Stake. Elder LeGrand R. Curtis sustained as second counselor.

11 Winter Quarters Stake was organized from the Winter Quarters District of the Northern States Mission with Elder William D. Hardy sustained as president and Elders Roy C. Cochran and Dan T. Rogers as counselors. Wards in the 318th stake of the Church now functioning are Omaha, Omaha Second, Bellevue, Lincoln (all Nebraska), and Council Bluffs, Iowa. Branches are Fremont, Grand Island, Kearney, Hastings (all Nebraska), Sioux City and Shenandoah, Iowa. Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Theodore M. Burton, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, organized the stake which has approximately 2,800 members. Winter Quarters is a proud name in Church history. It was there that the Saints spent the tragic winter of 1846-47 (the later town of Florence, Nebraska). Winter Quarters then had twenty-two wards.

12 Workmen were undercutting sections of the old stone wall directly east of the Beehive House and the mission home in Salt Lake City. After undercutting, a cement slab will be laid under the wall. Slings under the slab will lift the wall to its new location nearer the old pioneer buildings, permitting State Street to be widened.

13 Redding Stake, the 319th stake, was organized by Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Henry D. Taylor, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, from portions of the Shasta District of the Northern California Mission. Elder Albert C. Peterson was sustained as stake president with Elders J. Irvin Wiseman and Lynn F. Olsen as his counselors. Wards are Anderson, Central Valley, and Red Bluff. Branches are Burney, Corning, Mt. Shasta, and Trinity. The stake membership is approximately 1,787. Twenty-nine

new stakes have been organized during the year 1960, more stakes than in any given year in this dispensation. The Prophet Joseph Smith organized eleven stakes during his lifetime. President Brigham Young, who presided over the Church for almost thirty years, saw twenty-two stakes organized during that period.

22 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Joseph A. Gundersen of Salt Lake City as president of the Norwegian Mission succeeding President Ray Engebretsen. President Gundersen is a former bishop of the Valley View Second Ward and, at this call, was serving as a counselor in the high priests' presidency of the Valley View Stake. As a young man he served a mission in Norway. With him will go his wife and their youngest son and daughter. A son is now serving in the French Mission. The couple have two married daughters. Norway first heard the gospel in 1851 when the missionaries came from Denmark.

27 The First Presidency announced the creation of three new mission fields. In Great Britain the new Scotch-Irish Mission will be formed through a division of the North British Mission. The headquarters will be in Glasgow, Scotland. President Bernard P. Brockbank of the North British Mission will preside in the new Scotch-Irish Mission. With headquarters in Birmingham, the new Central British Mission will be created by a division of the British Mission. Elder James A. Cullimore, currently serving as president of Oklahoma Stake, will preside. The new Texas Mission, with headquarters in Houston, will be formed through a division of the Gulf States Mission. Headquarters for the Gulf States Mission will be moved from Houston to Shreveport, Louisiana. Elder Ralph J. Hill, now serving as bishop of Val Verda Ward, South Davis (Utah) Stake, will preside in the Texas Mission.

President Brockbank of the Scotch-Irish Mission has been serving as president of the North British Mission since its division from the British Mission in March 1959. At that time he was serving as president of Holladay (Salt Lake County) Stake and as chairman of Jordan Valley Region of the Church welfare program.

Elder Grant S. Thorn of Springville, Utah, has been called to succeed President Brockbank in the North British Mission. At the time of this call, President Thorn was serving as a member of the Springville Stake high council. He has also been bishop of the Springville Fifth Ward. Mrs. Thorn and two daughters will accompany him on this mission.

President Cullimore is an Oklahoma City businessman. He will be accompanied to his mission assignment by his wife and daughter Nancy.

President Hill, a Salt Lake City insurance executive, has served as bishop of three wards—in Seattle, in Idaho Falls, and in Val Verda. He will be accompanied to the mission field by his wife and three of their children.

President Lincoln F. Hanks, now serving as president of the Gulf States Mission, of which Texas was a part, is to be released soon.

The number of missions now functioning in the Church is sixty-three.

January 1961

7 This was the first stake conference week end of the new year. It found Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve being assigned to stake conferences again, his first assignment being to San Antonio (Texas) Stake. He had submitted his resignation as Secretary of Agriculture to President Dwight D. Eisenhower during the week, the resignation to become effective January 20, 1961—eight full years after becoming Secretary of Agriculture. Only occasionally had he been able to attend a stake conference as a visiting General Authority during that period. It was the weekend of November 22-23, 1952, that Elder Benson's visit to the Provo area to hold a stake conference with Elder Mark E. Petersen was interrupted by a telephone call from then President-elect Eisenhower inviting him to discuss the possibilities of becoming the new Secretary of Agriculture. Elder Petersen went on the next day to complete the Church task that Elder Benson and he had begun the night before—the organization of the East Sharon Stake of Zion. East Sharon was, on November 23, 1952, the 200th stake then functioning in the Church.

Life Carves Character

(Continued from page 79)

received it; Joseph Smith knew it; and the testimony, the evidence of the Prophet Joseph's inspiration, is manifest to all who will but open their eyes to see and their hearts to understand.

Noble thoughts applied in life are worth more than gold. When you think of self, you are as other living creatures in the world. When you think of others and make others happy, you approach the life of the Christ.

Reverence for God and sacred things is the chief characteristic of a great soul. Little men may succeed, but without reverence they can never be great.

I SEEK A CHILD

BY MABEL LAW ATKINSON

How still the house when no child
 calls
 As the velvet curtain of dusk slow
 falls,
 With the sun's robe trailing still in
 the west
 While all of the wild things seek their
 nest.
 I flee from rooms too immaculate
 With a yearning glance at the little
 white gate,
 Wishing a small boy were swinging
 there,
 That children's laughter would
 cleave the air
 Too silent now. . . . Yet the silence
 speaks
 Of five who came trooping with
 wild-rose cheeks,
 Their arms filled with bluebells, to
 wait in bliss,
 To receive my smile and thank-you
 kiss.
 I walk through my gardens: Not a
 flower is crushed
 By little feet. The breeze grows
 hushed
 And the river's song is lonely-themed.
 Though I have the leisure of which
 I dreamed,
 When a killdeer-chime rings over-
 head,
 I seek a child to put to bed.

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THE LAST WORD

If the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be much chagrined.—Abraham Lincoln

The greatest progress will perhaps be made if all of you can give larger thought to your duties than to your rights. Democracy demands more obedience to the moral law than any other form of government.—Louis D. Brandeis

The best of all governments is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.—Goethe

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Emerson (on Lincoln)

The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to transmit that freedom to their children.—Havard

Most cynics have as little foresight as Benjamin Franklin's mother-in-law. She did not want her daughter to marry a printer because there were already two printing offices in the colonies, and she was sure the country couldn't support another.



There is another responsibility correlated and even co-existent with free agency, which is too infrequently emphasized, and that is the effect not only of a person's actions, but of his thoughts upon others. Man radiates what he is, and that radiation affects to a greater or less degree every person who comes within that radiation.—President David O. McKay



The cure of crime is not the electric chair, but the high chair.—J. Edgar Hoover

Let us impart all the blessings we possess, or ask for ourselves, to the whole family of mankind.—George Washington

Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess. —Speaker Robinson, of the Virginia House of Burgesses, to George Washington in 1759, when the latter attempted to reply to the thanks of the House, but found himself unable to utter a word.

I would like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him.—Abraham Lincoln

No greater immediate responsibility rests upon all citizens of this republic and neighboring republics, than to protect the freedom vouchsafed by the Constitution of the United States.—President David O. McKay

Courage is not simply one of the virtues, but the form of every virtue at the testing point, which means at the point of highest reality. A chastity or honesty or mercy which yields to danger will be chaste or honest or merciful only on conditions. Pilate was merciful till it became risky.—C. S. Lewis



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WHITE STAR TUNA CHOWDER

Brown $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced green onion and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced celery in 3 tablespoons melted butter for 5 minutes. Add 3 cups peeled, diced raw potatoes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1½ teaspoons salt. Heat to boiling; cook over medium heat about 15 minutes. Blend 1½ tablespoons flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Add 1¼ cups milk. Stir into potato mixture. Cook until thick. Add two 6½-oz. cans of White Star tuna. Heat and serve at once. Makes 1½ quarts of chowder.



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